

SPACE CITY! 25¢

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Albee 67

LETTERS

1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004

Open My Third Eye

Space City!

Dear Tina Ferrari (Brickbat from Tina, Vol III, No. 11). Please forgive me for my vast ignorance regarding Capitalism. I never knew that the people in the ghettos here in America have so many problems. I always thought that even the people who live in our ghettos had a fairly decent living standard.

I know that we have many problems in this nation - such as hunger, unemployment, poor education, prejudice and police harassment. But I never thought that the problems in our country were hopeless and unsolvable. I guess I have been grossly uninformed. Thank you for enlightening me.

I wonder if there is any kind of economic system that will solve our problems? If capitalism doesn't work for us, what will???

Sincerely,

David Fojtik
Houston

View from a Driveway

People of the world-beware,

Dem bad ol' piggies is at it again. It wuz whilst i wuz outside wit' my little doggie, him doin' his thing, me doin' mine, that i noticed that houston

piggie force wuz doin' their duty again, in their same usual cut-throat manner.

There wuz dis dude on his almost chopped chopper, cruzin' softly and quite slowly through th' parkin' lot of th' Globe store on Bellaire. He had just started pullin' out of th' Globe store parkin' lot, when a pretty blue car, complete wit' candy machines on da top, blew its horn and began wit' th' light show.

The dude, obviously hopin' to avoid a hassle, pulled over in a quiet, orderly manner. Whereupon, our boys in blue swerved half in front of th' criminal dude, and half on th' road, blocking not only road traffic, but also my driveway. Fortunately, there wuz no violence (just th' usual smart quips from th' Man) and th' CRIMINAL and his bike were allowed to move on.

Moral to this story: Never put yer driveway by th' road th' piggies are usually in front of it.

Houston freak

sided) stop sign and underneath the big word "STOP" write or paint these two words: THE WAR. In Austin a dude manufacturers stickers that say "THE WAR" for this purpose. I'm not sure if they are available in Houston yet.

You could also use other phrases under the word "STOP." Such as: Stop pollution, Nixon or Herman Short, etc. Let's get this together people, and make ourselves heard!

Yours in peace,

John
Seabrook

Cops Pass on Tar

Dear Space City!

An episode happened this evening which only emphasizes and encourages my desires to leave this goddamn city and its harassments far behind.

Some friends and I went to a U-tot-em for a coke and when we pulled out we ended up behind a pig car fully equipped with Houston's finest. We had our brights on, but flashed them off. They pulled into a driveway, then followed us and pulled us over - all for no reason!! While one pig harassed the driver, the other flashed a light over the car to make sure we weren't doing anything illegal. Luckily our driver happened to be in the Navy (U.S.) and they allowed us our freedom.

Isn't there anything a couple of law-abiding peace loving people can do about this unfair harassment?

Debby
Houston

More on Free Money

Space City! and anyone interested,

Recently this paper ran an article concerning money liberation (Letters Vol. II, No 27). Hopefully many people liberated their money, and sent it on its merry way. Another "liberation" is taking place throughout the country and needs support. This can be called "Stopsign Liberation." This can be accomplished by anyone. All you have to do is go down to your nearest red and white octagonal (eight

Space City!

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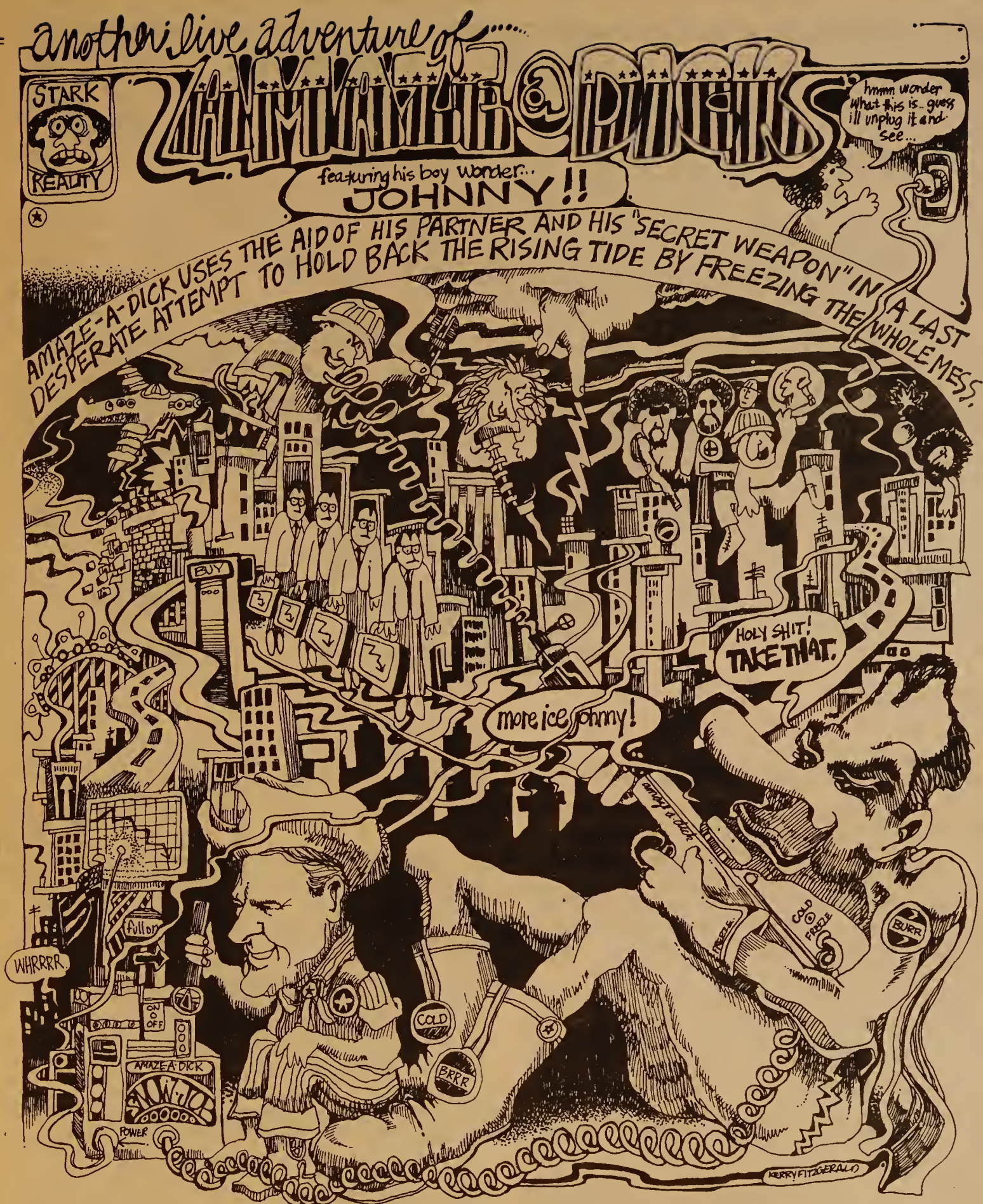
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Brrr! Nixon Puts Freeze on Economy

by Gary Thiher

Once upon a time, in an age more full of simple faith than our own, it was widely believed that the capitalist economy was a wondrous and largely perfect machine. One that insured the production of the cheapest and finest goods available — and always in just the right quantity. According to this theory, there were innumerable producers of goods who all competed for the favor of the consumer. This sovereign consumer, a paragon of good sense, sorted among the goods offered him and purchased only those of highest quality and lowest price. So any unscrupulous manufacturer who tried to get away with making shoddy, high-priced products would soon find he had no customers; and so the best was always available for the least possible cost. The capitalist machine could not produce too many goods for, if supply began to rise above demand, the price would fall and thus consumption would increase. So the amount of goods made and the amount wanted always equalled one another.

This blissful conception pleased Americans immensely — especially politicians. Succeeding administrations clung to this view tenaciously through an amazing number of healthy depressions until finally Herbert Hoover was given a definitive lesson in its untruth. Demand and supply, alas, could get so out of step that as demand fell, supply would be cut back. And when producers cut the number of their employees due to lessened productions, the demand would fall still further. Now the theory maintained that the law of supply and demand would hold for labor too, since it was treated as just another commodity. Supposedly, when unemployment was high, and thus the demand for labor low, the price of labor would fall until it became profitable for businessmen to purchase all the available labor, so the system should stabilize only at full employment. But the Great Depression provided something in excess of 10 million exceptions to this rule.

Enter John Maynard Keynes. Mr. Keynes was a Cambridge economist whom the believers in the old theory thought tremendously wicked and subversive. Mr. Keynes taught that this flaw of falling demand and consequent depression could be corrected by a dash of public power to the private enterprise system. Through fiscal policy and budget expenditures, the government could keep purchasing power (and thus demand) at a high enough level to keep the factories going and employment high. And when necessary, the government could reverse the process and hold down inflation. Thus, in recessionary times, the government was to lower interest rates and spend a great deal itself from borrowed money, so that the total amount of purchasing power remained high. Inflation called for higher interest rates, higher taxes and lower spending.

Now this theory did indeed work better than the old one. Government spending zoomed up (mostly for war, unfortunately) and the country didn't have any more great depressions, though it did not eliminate a lot of minor ones.

Still, as Richard Nixon has learned, the economic machine was not perfect even yet. Previously, people thought that the economy could maintain full employment with the help of government deficit spending, and that the only price it would have to pay would be steady inflation. Well, the Nixon administration has seen plenty of inflation at a rate of some 6.6% a year. But, strangely enough, this has been accompanied by a constantly high unemployment rate as well. These twin economic evils are supposed to alternate, but lucky Nixon has them both. Unemployment runs currently at 6% national with some local rates rising to a depression-like 10% or more. The worst of all possible worlds.

In addition to the continuing high levels of government spending, the inflation is caused by what is called the wage-price spiral, a sub-species of the vicious

Cont. on 10

Armco Pollution Suit Pending



by E. F. Shawver, Jr.

A complex anti-pollution suit, which raises the question of state versus federal authority over alleged polluters, is now awaiting a decision in U.S. District Court.

The suit, brought by the United States against Armco Steel Corporation in Houston has been taken under advisement by U.S. District Judge Allen B. Hannay. The trial began several months ago and ended Aug. 3.

The purpose of the suit is to enjoin Armco from further discharge of cyanides, phenols and other wastes from its coke plant into the Houston Ship Channel. The suit is being filed under the provisions of the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1899 which prohibits the dumping of refuse into navigable waters without a permit from the Army Corps of Engineers. Armco does not have such a permit.

The government is also asking an injunction against the use of the two deep injection wells for which the Texas Water Quality Board issued permits on Dec. 31 of last year.

The legal battle is more than usually complex because of the inclusion of members of the Water Quality Board as well as Environmental Protection Agency and Justice Department officials as third party defendants. This came about because of Armco's claim that it is caught between the Board and the EPA inasmuch as the former has ordered it to dig the wells and the latter is attempting to prohibit the company from digging them.

Three orders by the board are in question. The first of these grants Armco permission to continue to discharge wastes from no. 11 of its approximately sixteen outfalls into the Houston Ship Channel. The second is the pair of injection well permits mentioned above and the third, issued March 26, is an order to begin digging the wells or face the termination of the discharge permit. The first and second of these orders were sought by Armco and go hand in hand: the discharge permits allow Armco to solve its waste problem by dumping into the Ship Channel while it digs the wells which it claims and the board agrees is a better solution. The third order was issued because of a failure on Armco's part to dig the wells.

The government says that it has *not* ordered Armco not to dig or operate the wells but rather that it was and is the policy of the then Federal Water Quality Administration (now part of the EPA) to oppose subsurface disposal of waste in general. According to EPA policy, "The effects of underground pollution and the fate of injurious materials are uncertain with today's knowledge. These wastes could well result in serious pollution damage and require a more complex and costly solution on a long term basis."

It has also been the agency's policy to oppose such wells without a "clear demonstration that such wastes will not interfere with present or potential use of subsurface water supplies, contaminate interconnected surface waters or otherwise damage the environment" and a demonstration that "alternative measures have been explored and found less satisfactory in terms of environmental protection."

The injection well permits allow Armco to pump as much as 72 million gallons of waste per month into the wells. According to analyses by Subsurface Disposal Corporation and Edna Wood Laboratories these wastes contain an average of about 90 milligrams of cyanide per liter. Thus, Armco would be pumping over 23 tons of cyanide alone into sands from 6,300 to 7,000 feet below the surface per month at a pressure in the neighborhood of 2,500 pounds per square inch.

In a letter to County Judge Bill Elliott dated May 14, Dr. W.A. Quebedeaux, director of the Harris County Pollution Control Board, stated that "the geologist from the Water Development Board ... admitted that it was impossible for him to determine what the fracture pressure actually was for the caprock above

the injection sand, and that he could not with certainty state where vertical fissures or weak spots in that caprock existed."

One government witness, Dr. Henry C. Bramer, head of a research and development firm in Pittsburgh, said that Armco was behind the times 20 years ago. According to Bramer, a study made in the early 1950s of steel plants in the Ohio River Valley showed that 15 of the 17 plants studied were reusing cooling water from their coke plants after removing tar, phenols, oils and ammonia. Armco has been using its cooling water once and then dumping it into the Ship Channel.

Another witness, EPA geologist Jerry Thornhill, cited the experience of an E.I. Du Pont plant near Victoria. Du Pont used an injection well a number of years ago and 10 years after it had been sealed off the company drilled two more wells in the near vicinity expecting to find that wastes had spread out radially from the original well. No wastes were found, however and this casts doubts on the prediction that Armco's wastes will disperse in a harmless fashion. Thornhill said that what happened to the Du Pont wastes is still not known. Work on the wells was suspended May 6 on an agreed order.

The legal battle is considerably complicated by the inclusion of the members of the Water Quality Board as third party defendants. All three parties are at odds with one another although not always on the same points.

The board has said that even if the Rivers and Harbors Act gives the government a cause of action against Armco's pollution of the Ship Channel, it does not exclude the State or the board from exercising its jurisdiction over Armco's pollution under the Texas Water Quality Act.

Furthermore, says the board, under the Federal Water Pollution Control Act, as well as other federal statutes, the states are the primary enforcement authorities of interstate pollution. The board claims that Texas has complied with the statute and, hence, state standards for the Houston Ship Channel are paramount.

The board also points out that the government has been aware of the Injection Well Act since 1961 and has had no objection until now. Hence, they argue, the government has no jurisdiction to enjoin the board from administering the act. Furthermore, the government did not contest the board's well permits for Armco.

Armco argues that the government is not entitled to an injunction under the Rivers and Harbors Act but is required to proceed under the Federal Water Pollution Act instead. The company maintains that its discharges into the Ship Channel are not prohibited by the 1899 act which exempts matter flowing from sewers and also that even if the waste is not exempted for this reason the act does not apply because the material is in solution and therefore does not interfere with navigation.

Piling defense upon defense, the company goes on to argue that even if the Rivers and Harbors Act has been violated (which they deny) the government has not shown that irreparable injury will result and that furthermore Armco has abated its pollution.

Armco also accuses the government of coming before the court with "unclean hands" (!) because it helped the company with the building of its present facilities back in 1947 and 1949. Hence, they say, the government is suing Armco for something which it helped to create.

Finally, the company argues that there is no assurance that the government's proposed flare and incineration method will result in compliance with Texas clean air laws.

The fact that no member of the Water Quality Board had appeared at the trial either as witnesses or observers was commented upon by Judge Hannay. Assistant State Attorney General Richard Chote said that a hearing had been held Dec. 9 on the wells and that the board had had all the information presented at the present trial. This prompted the judge to remark, "They are faster workers than I am if they heard in one day what it took me three weeks to hear."

It was a fluke that took Bob Childers away from us last Friday, Aug. 13.

We picked up the Sunday Post and read of the latest "Act of God," the latest catastrophe in the news: one Houstonian was drowned in a flood near San Antonio, another was missing and thought dead.

Was it a week before that two Houstonians died in a hotel fire in New Orleans? you ask yourself. Then you slide quickly to the next headline, read a couple of paragraphs, scan the rest of the front page, flip through to check on the Astro score (why bother?), then return to page one.

Robert Childers, president of Childers Manufacturing Co., thought to have drowned when caught in a flashflood while being driven to the airport by friend and fellow Houstonian William Beall. Car later found blocks away. Beall's body missing (later found). That's the story's Houston angle; on to a description of the San Antonio aftermath.

You never know people who get offed by Acts of God. They're just statistics, names, anonymous beings whose lives are snuffed out, and death is still as abstract as ever. But, as coincidence has it, the psychiatrist who died in the New Orleans fire was close friend and head counsel to a Space City! fellow traveler. And Bob Childers was a brother in the struggle.

Now I don't want to make this out to be something it wasn't. Bob Childers' death was not the loss of a dear friend. Most of the folks around here knew him not at all or very little. I had met him at cocktail parties and a meeting or two. We'd chatted, and I'd always thought him a nice person. But I didn't even really know him.

But it still left a strange feeling.

I had always known more about Bob Childers from other folks than from personal contact. I knew people who respected him greatly, as a human being and as an active supporter of progressive causes. I knew that he had helped us out a time or two, and had been involved in a number of anti-war and community organizations.

You see, Bob Childers defied the generation gap and the maxims of our economic system. He was the 61 year old president of a successful business. And for well over 20 years he had been active as a pacifist and a supporter of civil rights. He was the Houston-area chairman of the Business Executive Move for Vietnam Peace and New National Priorities, an organization of business bigwigs "who believe the war in Vietnam is destroying the United States, is destroying Vietnam and may destroy the world. We seek by open and lawful means to end American participation in that war - promptly."

Though an Episcopalian, Childers was involved with the American Friends Service Committee for over 20 years before the Business Executives group got going. And he was actively involved in civil rights groups when such involvement in Houston meant risking reputation, life and limb. He was the first white member of the board of managers of the South Central YMCA, then the Black Y.

In 1970, Childers told Johnny Powers of the Houston Post, "I share the feeling that America is in trouble and for the first time in its history there is question as to whether we will come out of the trouble." The war in Vietnam, he said, was the root problem. "The Vietnam war is tearing at the whole fabric of our social and political and economic life... Racial injustice, hunger, pollution are bad enough, but they are not close to drafting young men, training them to kill when they don't want to and getting them killed themselves."

Childers was also a leader in such groups as the United Fund, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, the Committee on Alcoholism and the United Nations Association.

Childers' name recently appeared with perhaps a dozen others beneath several ads in the Houston dailies, calling for complete U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam by the end of this year.

Effie and Benj. Feld were close friends. Benj. was a fellow organizer in the business executives anti-war group. Felds told us, after his death, that "Bob's concerns were utterly unselfish. For instance, all of his children near draft age were girls, yet he still felt very keenly the loss of humanity caused by the Vietnam war. He was widely respected by hawks and doves alike because of his sincerity. His replacement in the community will be virtually impossible."

The Voice of HOPE, black community newspaper in Houston, paid a rare tribute to Childers in its editorial page. It's seldom that a white person receives positive mention in the black consciousness oriented weekly.

HOPE's editorial read: *Last Thursday, Robert A. Childers, a white businessman, perished in a flashflood near Utopia in Uvalde County. Although his death went largely unnoticed by the masses of Blacks, most of whom had never heard*



Robert A. Childers

of him, Childers' death is a blow to the Black community because although he worked largely unheralded and unobtrusively, he contributed much to the advancement of Black concerns in Houston.

Robert Childers was active in a number of humanitarian organizations, one of which was the "Friends of Houston's Black Arts Center," a bi-racial group which works for the advancement of Black culture and which actively raises funds for that purpose. He personally contributed heavily to the Black Arts Center and devoted time and energy to promoting it.

The Voice of HOPE joins with the Childers family in grieving his loss.

Robert Childers was 61, and I'll be glad to reach that age. His loss is significant, but there will be others to take his place. All we can say is: here's a brother gone, and we'll miss him. Let's pay our respects and move right on, 'cause there's work to be done.

-- Thorne Dreyer

New Groups Join MAEC Boycott

Organizations are lining up to support the Mexican-American Education Council's boycott of the Houston public schools. A conservative Mexican-American group, Council 60 of the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) announced its support for the strike last week, as did Houston chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The Lulac resolution called the black-brown pairings "a clear violation of the letter and spirit of the desegregation proposals decided by the Supreme Court in its historic 1954 decision."

The Lulac Council said that "it will support the lawful activities of the MAEC" by providing whatever financial assistance the council agrees on. Council 60 has a treasury of about \$10,000.

The resolution also said that it will help to create "alternative educational approaches."

Rev. C. Anderson Davis, executive director of Houston's NAACP has said that the NAACP will support the strike schools if asked by the MAEC.

In calling for black-brown unity Davis said, "We cannot get what we're asking for until there is a coalition between minority people."

Davis also said that he would support a move to fire Dr. George Garver, general superintendent, and replace the entire Houston school board if necessary to attain meaningful integration. Davis said the board is "using brown people to be white when it suits their case and when it doesn't suit their case they'll come segregate you as if you were black."

Not all blacks agree that it would be necessary or wise to remove Garver. Rev.

Bill Lawson of Wheeler Baptist Church said that he would not support such a move. "I don't think that Dr. Garver is the entire school district and I don't think firing him would solve all of the district's problems. I think instead one needs to recognize the basic racism of the entire system and if he were the best possible school superintendent there would still be plenty of subordinates who could distort the implementation of his own rulings."

"So I don't think jumping on Garver is the same thing as dealing with a system which is as much the fault of a district court as the fault of the school district itself not just the superintendent."

An exploratory meeting was held last week between members of the MAEC and leaders of the black community. The purpose was to explore the possibility of some kind of collaboration between the black and the brown communities.

Bill Lawson said that three elements came out at the meeting: 1) blacks and browns do not communicate well, 2) that blacks feel that browns are trying to avoid them in the pairing situation and 3) browns feel that blacks have gotten an unfair share of civil rights in the last 15 years or so.

"There is a definite feeling that pairing blacks with browns represents the pooling of the poor. Pooling the poor means that the least inconvenience will be foisted on the southwest part of Houston and the most inconvenience will be foisted on the central city wards," he said.

"So it may be that if something as dramatic as a school boycott is the only way by which the poor can make their protest, then they may have to do just that," said Lawson.

Graves VS. Jordan?

Photo by David Crossley



State Rep. Curtis Graves announced recently that while he would not seek the mayor's seat again this election, he was seriously considering running for U. S. Congress from the newly formed 18th Congressional District. Graves will most likely be pitted against State Sen. Barbara Jordan, who has indicated that she may be seeking the same seat. Graves, who acknowledged Jordan's immense influence and popularity, said that he felt he would better represent the people of that district.

"I have demonstrated my willingness and ability to function independently of

the Texas Democratic Party and its controversial bosses," Graves said, pointing out that Jordan has "demonstrated a blind loyalty to the Democratic Party machine by consistently encouraging blacks to vote a straight Democratic ticket." He added that he didn't think some of the Texas Democratic leaders, such as Gov. Preston Smith and Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes, have worked in the interest of black Texans.

Jordan said that her plans were unchanged and that she would probably formally announce her candidacy within 30 days.

Gough Quits Department, Charges Bigotry

Police Officers Harassed

Weeks before the murder trial of two former Houston police officers began in New Braunfels, observers were wondering about the fate of two young patrolmen, John Gough and I.B. Guerrero, who were slated to testify against the defendants.

Could Gough and Guerrero possibly survive in the Houston Police Department after they offered eye witness testimony to the effect that former officers Jack McMahon and Arthur N. Hill beat and stomped a black prisoner, Bobby Joe Conner, in the Galena Park jail? (Conner later died at Ben Taub hospital.) How could they escape ostracism and harassment from fellow policemen? There were rumors that even before the trial the two were having a hard time of it.

But when the trial began late this spring, Gough and Guerrero proceeded to tell the New Braunfels judge and jury the story as they saw it. Many of us considered Gough and Guerrero extraordinarily courageous men for their role in the trial, particularly since McMahon and Hill were their former senior partners.

Then in mid-June, McMahon and Hill were acquitted of the first degree murder charges against them, after what must have been one of the most dramatic trials in Texas. (The two still face charges of assault to murder for the alleged beating of Larry Taylor, 24, Conner's companion.)

Last week, Gough resigned from the Houston Police force, claiming in his letter of resignation that "I can no longer contend with the biased, bigoted attitudes of the overwhelming majority of my so-called fellow officers."

"Due to my unpopular position in and the results of the Hill-McMahon murder trial, I feel that my future with the Houston police department is questionable," Gough wrote. "As deduced from rumors, gossip, remarks and insinuations of other officers in the department, I feel that any attempt on my part to get a promotion would not be respected and that any attempt to transfer to another division would be futile."

Gough told Ronald George of the Houston Chronicle that he supposed he had been "naive" to believe that he wouldn't be ostracized for his role in the trial.

In his letter, however, he stated that "In no way do I regret my part in the Hill-McMahon murder trial, but I can no longer continue working for the department unsupported, ridiculed and almost friendless." Gough did, however, thank and commend Lt. J.O. Brannon and his immediate supervisors in the jail division, where he was working at the time of his resignation. He had been transferred there from patrol duty at his request.

Brannon, a supervisor in the department, defended Gough's actions in the New Braunfels courtroom while he leveled razor sharp criticisms at the police department.

"All that boy did was to do exactly what they taught him to do at the academy," Brannon told the Chronicle. (Gough graduated from the police academy in spring of 1970.)

Praising Gough, Brannon said that the police department "deserves a real butt-whipping over the way we've handled that boy."

Brannon said that higher officers in the department should have come to Gough's aid, claiming that such action might have stopped some of the alleged harassment. He called the incident "a real shame."

"My gosh," he told the Chronicle, "what is something like this going to do to our recruitment program!"

Gough said that when he requested his transfer to the jail division, he told a sergeant about his problem and felt sure that the sergeant passed on the word to higher officials.

"You know the department has an *esprit de corps* that I guess I violated by testifying. I don't think I received the support from department officials I deserved," he said.

Police Chief Herman Short, whom Gough later criticized mildly for his lack of initiative in dealing "with this problem realistically," acknowledged that Gough "may have felt ostracized" in the department, but claimed that he had previously heard nothing about the situation.

"I can't control what these men feel and do personally," Short said. "All I'm worried about is how they do their jobs."

Other officers took a more adamant stance against Gough's and Brannon's charges.

The Houston Police Officers Association issued a statement saying that Gough resigned to take a job with better pay, and "not because of any harassment." The association said that "an extensive investigation" had been conducted into Gough's resignation. The association also said that five of Gough's supervisors had issued sworn affidavits "concerning the good treatment that John Gough received."

Gough told the Chronicle that, although his new job with a trucking firm offers a higher salary, the charge that he quit for more pay was "a lie ... If I had been happy in the police department, I would never have been looking for another job."

Many higher officials in the department have claimed that they had heard no reports of harassment of Gough.

The affidavit of jail division Capt. Fred B. Bankston, for instance, states that "on a number of occasions, I have checked with the jail supervisors and was told that he [Gough] was doing an extremely good job and had no problems."

Bankston seemed particularly upset about Brannon's statements and called him "a very poor supervisor."

All concerned, including Gough, seem distressed at the bad publicity the police department is receiving from the incident. But Gough said he feels "that I must say these things to defend my honor."

Meanwhile, the other officer who testified against McMahon and Hill, I.B. Guerrero, is remaining on the force as a patrolman based at the Beechnut substation. "I can't work very well knowing that some people around here hate me," he said, "but I'm going to stick around for a while."

The outspoken Brannon came up with an interesting analysis of Guerrero's decision to stick it out, despite harassment. He said that Guerrero, as a Mexican-American, is accustomed to discrimination and can better withstand it than Gough, an Anglo.

And Mayor Louie Welch, shortly after Gough announced his resignation, offered what may be the most surprising statement of all.

"The findings of the jury was not guilty as charged," he said. Hill and McMahon "weren't found innocent, by any means." There was no further comment from the cryptic Mr. Mayor.



George Jackson at San Quentin. LNS Photo.

George Jackson

George Jackson, Soledad Brother, revolutionary, long-time prison inmate and freedom fighter, fought his last battle Saturday, Aug. 21, when he was shot and killed by prison officials in an escape attempt from San Quentin Prison.

The circumstances surrounding Jackson's death, and the deaths of three guards and two inmates who died with slashed throats, are still unclear. Associate Warden James Park said that Jackson used a pistol smuggled in to him by a male visitor in the escape attempt. He called the attempt, which apparently involved up to 27 inmates, a "revolutionary conspiracy" and blamed it on "talk by dilettante revolutionaries."

Jackson's death came one year after the death of his younger brother, Jonathan, who was killed in the Marin County Courthouse shootout in August, 1970.

Jackson, who was 29, was one of three black prisoners known as the Soledad Brothers. He, John Cluchette and Fleeta Drumgo were charged with the murder of a white guard at Soledad Prison in January of 1970.

See the next issue of Space City! for more complete information on this incident.

Honeywell: Electronic Warfare

by Ed Rasen

MINNEAPOLIS — Honeywell Inc., widely known in the United States for cameras, computers and heating controls has become one of the major manufacturers of components and weapons for the automated battlefield.

Honeywell internal publications reveal that as U.S. troops have been withdrawn from Southeast Asia, U.S. technological presence has increased. Minnesota's largest private employer, last year Honeywell did \$400 million worth of defense contract business.

In the mid sixties Honeywell developed the first anti-personnel fragmentation bombs, and has subsequently become the nation's largest manufacturer of such weapons, with sales reaching \$75 million in 1971. Anti-personnel weapons are still widely used throughout Southeast Asia and have accounted for a large percentage of the estimated 100,000 yearly civilian casualties in Vietnam alone.

Among the recent contracts awarded to Honeywell by the Pentagon are: \$50 million for manufacturing a Submarine Tactical Missile (STAM), an anti-personnel weapon fired from submarines to land targets where they explode and saturate a wide area with "bomblets"; \$55,000 to refine the Dart Bomb with showers a target area with thousands of high velocity metal or plastic darts virtually ineffective against anything but living creatures; \$6 million for a Fuel Air Explosive Munition which ignites a gaseous fuel in the air above target causing a vacuum-like explosion over several acres.

The U.S. Air Force has funded and purchased nearly \$100 million worth of Wide Area Anti-Personnel Mines (WAAPM) since 1968. According to Bud Mooney, editor of Honeywell's

publication, Scope, "... the big item, the WAAPM air delivered mine, is enjoying a fine reputation in actual use; its performance is very good."

The Air Force is also currently funding a Shallow Water Anti-Traffic Mine (SWAT) from Honeywell. The Navy has contracted for the Rockeye, a cluster bomb system, or anti-personnel weapon which releases "bomblets" from the "mother bomb" that cover the target area with shrapnel. Funding for the system was \$20.3 million in 1969 and \$17 million in 1970 with some 1,500 systems being delivered each month.

Hundreds of other weapons systems are underway at Honeywell, reflecting the present trend in Southeast Asia towards electronic warfare. According to Honeywell's Long Range Planning Section, "The future military security systems (automated battlefield) will be huge, with future requirements starting the need for small, light-weight, inexpensive modular, long life, remotely delivered devices ... Competition is most keen; Sylvania, G.E., Hughes, IBM, Lockheed and others are already pursuing the market. Continued heavy investment will be needed to capture a segment of this market."

According to Scope, the new "Ordnance Security Systems" are electronic instruments that aid in the detection and classification of people and vehicles like sensors, signal processors, classifiers, communication, and display of targets, now being used in Southeast Asia.

Security systems will be used for both "defensive" and "offensive" mission. "Defensive" missions include border defense, base camp or air base defense and patrol defense. "Offensive" missions include tactical search and destroy, heavy bombing and

strategic intelligence gathering. "Offensive" missions will rely primarily on remotely placed sensor systems, thousands of which have been dropped over Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam as part of "Operation Igloo White."

Among the ideas under development at Honeywell are a Strategic Intelligence System for the Air Force. This uses air-dropped sensors which feed data to drone aircraft which transmit the sensor information to the \$3 billion "Task Force Alpha" computer complex in Thailand for strike orders. This system is used in inaccessible locations or places where the United States does not control the ground.

The Army wants a highly refined Border Defense System. It detects when boundary lines are crossed. Depending upon location, it may have a "penalty system" associated with it. One type of penalty system under con-

sideration is tactical nuclear weapons activated by remote control.

According to a Honeywell employ "the other potential big money-maker in the Ordnance field is going to computer controlled tactical missiles." In the Guided Weapons department at Honeywell, there has been a great deal of Air Force interest in improving the delivery accuracy of conventional bombs. The Air Force is now experimenting with "smart bombs" which are controlled by laser and TV guidance systems.

What is slowly evolving in Indo-China is the fully automated war, unprovoked killing carried out as a technical exercise. In such war it is availability and accuracy of weapons that determines the degree of killing and destruction.

- - Pacific News Service/LNS

Philip Berrigan, Others Moved to Springfield

DANBURY, Conn. (LNS) — Father Philip Berrigan and 10 other prisoners, involved in starting a hunger strike, have been moved from Danbury to Springfield, Mo.

The strikers demanded the release of Father Daniel Berrigan, whose health has deteriorated in prison, and the shutting down of the "tiger cages" on Con Son Island off the coast of South Vietnam.

The Danbury warden, John J. Norton, said the decision was made "because of limited hospital space avail-

able at Danbury," although the strikers see the action as punishment.

Five other prisoners who were also involved with the hunger strike are scheduled to be shipped out soon.

Berrigan is slated to go on trial in Harrisburg, Penn., on charges stemming from an alleged conspiracy to kidnap Presidential advisor Henry Kissinger and to blow up sewers in federal buildings. Harrisburg is over 900 miles from the prison in which he is now being held.



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Budget Tapes	Town & Country
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NORTH SIDE

Peacemaker	7516 Fulton
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VILLAGE

Bay Surf	2445 Times
*The Rat Hole	2474 Times
Village News	2480 Bolsover

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Bay Surf	509 E. Southmore
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*and Space City!	1217 Wichita

THIRD WARD

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*VENDOR OUTLETS



Harris County residents who have turned 18 since Jan. 31, 1971, may register to vote by calling Carl Smith's office, 228-8311, ext. 557 and requesting the necessary forms or by going there in person during normal office hours. This is the office of the County Tax Assessor and Collector and is located on the first floor of the Harris County Courthouse, 301 San Jacinto. Branch offices exist in Humble, Pasadena and Baytown, but requests from residents of these areas will be handled from the extension given above. Although there is no single deadline for filing the application, it must be filed at least 30 days before any election in which the applicant wishes to vote.

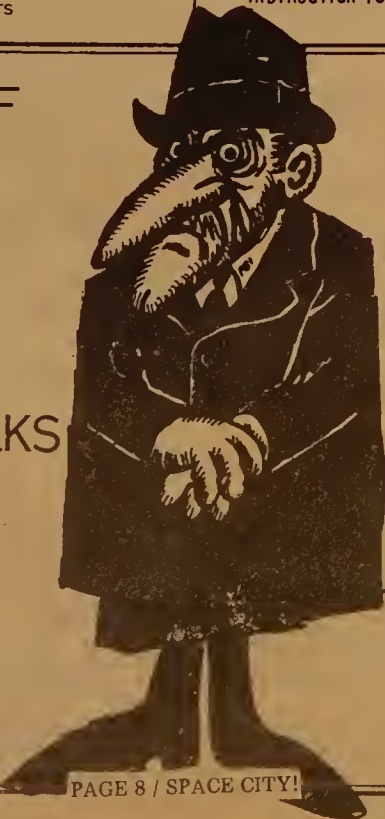
INFORMATION FOR NEW VOTERS

APPLICATION FOR VOTER REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE 1971 ELECTIONS HARRIS COUNTY, TEXAS FOR VOTING YEAR BEGINNING MARCH 1, 1971 AND ENDING FEBRUARY 29, 1972

DATE _____		PLEASE PRINT		CERTIFICATE ISSUED _____	
SEX: <input type="checkbox"/> Male <input type="checkbox"/> Female		VOTING PRECINCT		NAME: _____	
ANSWER ONE OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS: 1. I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE. <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO OR 2. I AM _____ YEARS OF AGE. (If Known)		STREET OR ROAD ADDRESS: _____		CITY: _____ ZIP CODE: _____	
EXCEPTIONS * BIRTHDATE IF UNDER 21 YEARS SHOW DATE ARRIVED IF IN TEXAS LESS THAN 1 YEAR IF IN COUNTY LESS THAN 6 MONTHS IF IN CITY LESS THAN 6 MONTHS		MONTH	DAY	YEAR	MAILING ADDRESS: _____
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER (If Known)		I certify that applicant is a citizen of the United States and has resided in Texas more than 1 year and in the county and city (if residing in a city) more than 6 months immediately preceding the date of this application, except as listed under EXCEPTIONS hereon. I understand the giving of false information to procure the registration of a voter is a felony.			
		Agent's relationship to Voter _____			
		Signature of Voter or Agent** _____			
**Only a husband, wife, father, mother, son or daughter may apply for registration as agent for the voter.					
INSTRUCTION TO APPLICANT: MAIL OR DELIVER APPLICATION PROMPTLY TO COUNTY TAX ASSESSOR-COLLECTOR, HOME COUNTY. (MUST BE RETURNED BY JANUARY 31 PRECEDING BEGINNING OF VOTING YEAR.)					

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BY THE
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Not satisfied with mere rapings, robberies and murders, Houston's valiant law enforcement officers have spiraled into dizzying new heights of noble accomplishments.

Lurking stealthily among Houston's byways and thoroughfares, the most cunning, the most heinous, the most dangerous class of criminals yet went all but unnoticed until our courageous police department caught a whiff of titillating scent left behind at the scene of the crime by the darkest denizens of the underworld.

The odor, wafting through gusts of familiar pollution and automobile exhaust fumes, was that of azaleas, petunias and roses. The villains are, of course, the notorious street corner flower vendors.

Three of these so-called, self-styled

Hairy Students Booted

Last week was the first week of school for those at Clear Creek High School. On Monday, between 30 and 40 juniors were suspended because their hair styles violated the school's dress code.

Throughout the rest of the week more students were suspended. At press time approximately 90 students had been told to cut their hair and bring their parents for a meeting with the head principal, Arthur Goff-fourth.

The dress code passed by the Clear Creek School Board requires:

- 1) Boys hair must be cut so that it cannot be worn or combed completely over the ears.
- 2) Boys hair must be cut or combed so that it does not go over the collar of an ordinary button shirt.
- 3) Boys hair must be cut so that it doesn't touch eyebrows.
- 4) Wigs may not be worn over hair that doesn't comply with the above rules.

Some of the suspended students say that they are planning to go to court about the hair code.

School Gripes Welcomed

Back to school can sometimes mean back to dress codes, hair length rules and other forms of extra-parental discipline and control. If you're having problems at your high school, junior high school or elementary school, we'd like to know about it so we can let other people in on the story. Drop us a note or call us if you or your friends are having trouble "adjusting" to school life this fall. Sometimes good things happen at school, too - like new alternative newspapers starting up, and such. We'd like to hear about what's happening at *your school*. Phone Space City! at 526-6257 or write us at 1217 Wichita, Houston, 77004.

"flower people" were arrested recently in the vicinity of Westheimer and Loop 610. Caught red-handed in the act, the offenders offered no resistance to arrest.

Operating freely until a recent police crackdown the flower "solicitors" could be seen all over Houston peddling their bicycles and their wares in an open and flagrant manner. The police, blithely unaware that the crime wave of the decade was upon them, sprang into action when they received a tip from a local florist shop owner that the suspects were pursuing their business in total violation of City Ordinance No. 41-10, which says: "Thou shalt not sell foods, goods, wares, or merchandise in the streets or sidewalks." This ordinance does not apply to ice cream wagons and "snack" van peddlers. Like most laws governing commerce, this one becomes invalid for people with enough money to buy a truck.

The Outstanding Citizen of the Year award should go to the stalwart florist shop owner who risked life and limb (not to mention profits) to protect Houstonians from living in a city infested with these low class merchants, selling their inferior products. (After all, why should consumers pay the outrageous sum of 50 cents to buy a dozen roses wrapped only in flimsy tissue paper, when they can get the identical roses in a snappy cardboard box from a florist for a mere \$12!)

Three cheers for the Boys in Blue, dedicated like Superman to Truth, Justice and the American Way.

One of Houston's havens for head beer drinkers, the Mad Dog in the Village, has recently received a little more attention from the Houston police than it needs.

Following a small scale bust last Saturday night, in which one employee, Ronnie Newton, and several customers were unceremoniously hauled down to 61 Reisner St., the police assured the other employees at the Mad Dog that "they (the cops) were going to come down on us."

The bust, the second one in a week, was part of "a series of general harassments," according to Robin Myers, a bartender at the Mad Dog.

The police started to show an unwarranted interest in the tavern following an advertising stunt.

Papers (the rolling kind) and other paraphernalia were donated to the Mad Dog by the Grass Hut, a local head shop, to give away free to the customers. The Grass Hut got the publicity, Mad Dog customers got the goodies.

Head Haven Hassled

Cool Urged At Mad Dog

The result has been a stepping up of I.D. checks and a general surveillance of the tavern and its clientele by the police.

During the Saturday night bust, many of the customers threw catcalls and curses at the police, causing a great deal of mental anguish all around and possibly paving the way for an even intenser surveillance. Mad Dog employees told Space City! that they were urging their customers, present and future, to refrain from irritating the police in this fashion, as, they say, it will only make matters worse.

The Mad Dog has asked Space City! to remind you that if you pay a visit to the tavern which, by the way, aims its services at young freaks, you must be 18 to get in, 21 to drink and you should be cool if the police decide to come in for a "quickie."

Turtle News

712 Fairview
2 blks off Montrose

We're now open for business, but it is going to take a couple of weeks to get the operation running smoothly. Watch for our Grand Opening, coming soon.

**Books, Magazines, Head Stuff,
Plus Houston's Largest
Selection Of**

Underground Newspapers

VENDORS: PICK UP YOUR
SPACE CITY!s HERE



Dick Freeze

cont. from 3

circle. Large corporations, and the large unions which have grown up to fight them, are essentially outside of any effective market. Though some smaller sectors of the economy are guided by market influences, the backbone of the system (auto, steel, etc.) is composed of firms too big and few in number to be significantly affected by laws of supply and demand.

In fact, just the reverse is true; these giant corporations exert influence over the rest of the economy. Thus, even though much of the economy is in a slump with unemployment and under-production, the big corporations can keep prices up. Unions respond to inflated costs of living by demanding higher wages. Then the corporations raise prices further, causing another increase in living costs and bouncing the ball back to the unions. And so comes about the present most peculiar situation: recession and inflation.

President Nixon's plan for dealing with this situation for the first two years of his administration consisted of doing nothing. Nixon is conservative, and conservative politicians have always held as a fundamental principle that the free enterprise economy was perfect and could only suffer from governmental meddling. But it has become clear that Nixon could not get re-elected with the economy faltering. And so expediency has scored yet another victory over principle with the president's announcement of his new "game plan."

The only way to put an end to the persistent inflation, short of a full scale depression, is to control wages and prices directly by law. Thus, on Aug. 15, Nixon imposed a 90-day freeze on wages, prices and rents. Previously, the Kennedy and Johnson administrations had flirted with an informal kind of wage and price control in the form of presidential guidelines. The chief executive requested industry and labor to voluntarily follow these standards and would sometimes use the power of his office to bluff down those who infringed upon them (as with Kennedy and the steel industry). This has come to be called "jawboning," and Nixon has given it a try during his first years in office. But jawboning has proven not only informal, but also ineffective. Inflation continued.

What the administration will propose for the end of the three-month freeze is presently unknown. Both Nixon and Treasury Secretary John Connally have indicated they do not want to continue wage and price controls. But the strategy can only be effective if permanent. If the controls are dropped, nothing will prevent the inflationary trends from re-asserting themselves. Nixon, of course, is ideologically opposed to permanent controls which are a feature of the sort of central planning practiced in socialist economies. (In spite of this, many good liberals support permanent controls.)

Nixon's other domestic proposals have to do with combatting the recession aspect of the present dilemma. These consist mostly of a variety of tax breaks, primarily to business. He wants a 10% investment tax credit for business (to allow them quicker depreciation benefits on equipment purchases), removal of the 70% excise tax on automobiles and an increase in the allowable personal in-

come tax exemptions put into effect one year ahead of schedule. The tax credit is designed to encourage business to invest in new equipment the use of which will create new jobs and help pare down unemployment. The removal of the excise tax will make cars cheaper, and the added personal exemptions will put more disposable income in the pockets of consumers. Both these measures aim toward increasing consumption and spurring the creation of new jobs to meet added demand. These steps will have to be approved by Congress, but congressional comment indicates general support for Nixon's moves.

In apparent contradiction to these anti-recession measures, Nixon also announced that he will cut federal spending in this fiscal year by \$4.7 billion and reduce federal employment by 5%. These moves are billed as anti-inflationary, but they seem unnecessary with the wage-price freeze. And they will certainly cause some unemployment both directly through the firing of federal workers and indirectly through the lessening of demand caused by the spending cut.

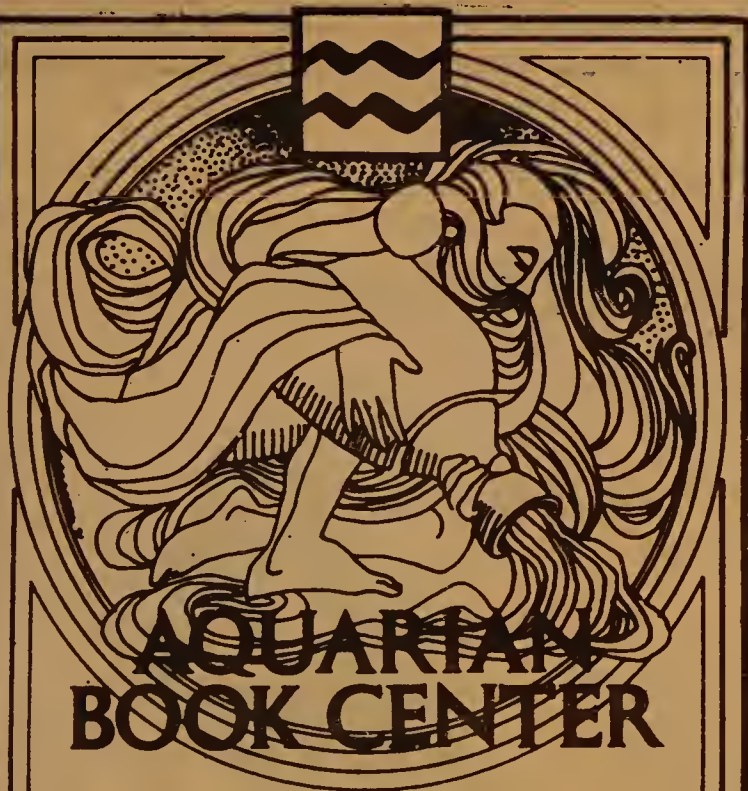
Business leaders have virtually all reacted favorably to the new economic policy. And Wall Street showed its approval when the stock market jumped 20 points the day after the president's announcement. The measures have aroused outright defiance from the nation's normally quiescent labor leaders, however. This is partly because the tax measures clearly favor industry over the poor working stiff, and because the controls do not extend to interest rates and profits.

The administration strained its labor relations even more when it announced a request that all unions end any strikes in progress and not start any new ones

Cont. on 22



Economist Thiher in a less reflective mood. Photo by Juliette Brown.



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are only
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Paid Adv.



— Chicago Sun

Mary Jane:

She's in trouble with the law.

In a time of wide-spread reform, Texas' dope laws still belong in the dark ages; the new state LSD law is a fiasco; Lee Otis is in there fighting; and, is dope really legal in San Francisco? Read on!

by Karen Northcott

Marijuana - "Stepping stone to heroin ... got to get the pushers ... 60-day minimum ... 50-year maximum ... less than two ounces is still the sale of a major quantity, gentlemen ... mandatory life sentences for pushers ... they all began with marijuana ... a duty to our sister states to stop the flow of drugs ... addiction to marijuana ... preying on the innocent ... opening the doors ..." - Legislative references to marijuana during an attempt to pass a marijuana reform bill in the 62 Legislature.

Travel and Southern regional magazines delight in referring to Texas as the land of contrast. And indeed it is. But to me the contrast does not lie in the miles of sandy beaches or the miles of mountains nor the acres of desert but in the contrast between the jury

that sentenced Lee Otis Johnson to 30 years in prison for giving away a single joint, and the jury that sentenced a confessed murderer to two years on the same day.

Texas is virtually the only state which will continue to send marijuana users to prison.

Simple first possession of any amount of grass is a felony in the Lone Star State. Those convicted of a felony can go to prison; those convicted of a misdemeanor only go to the county jail. A marijuana felony is a special breed of felony. It carries a minimum penalty of two years and a maximum penalty of life. The Texas law allows the authorities to do whatever they want, short of execution, with anyone caught with any amount of marijuana and in most cities the jury will do whatever the prosecutor asks.

In 1970 the federal government and

more than 25 of the states classed marijuana possession as a felony. Today, 44 states and the federal government have adopted misdemeanor penalties instead. Michigan, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Massachusetts are in the process of reforming their laws during their current legislative sessions. Only Alabama and Texas remain. Texas' legislature had the chance to reform, but passed it up. Alabama's legislature is still in session, so there may be hope.

Five neighbor states have adopted misdemeanor penalties of not more than a year in jail. They are Arkansas, New Mexico, Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana and Oklahoma.

The minimum sentence in Texas is twice as long as the maximum sentence in any state that borders Texas.

West Virginia doesn't even send people to jail. And Mississippi, of all places, Mississippi, just passed a maximum

of six months for possession of any drug.

The Texas Legislature killed House Bill 549, introduced by Rep. Raul Longoria of Edinburg, which would have reduced the penalty for marijuana. The bill applied only to first-offense possession. It didn't alter the laws concerning sale, nor did it affect any other drugs. It provided penalties of seven days to six months in jail, a fine of \$250 to \$1,000, or both. To satisfy district attorneys who argued that if possession were made a misdemeanor, they would have no felony weapons to use against the pusher who comes to town with a shit load of grass, the bill made possession of more than 16 ounces "with the intent to sell" a felony.

Amendments were offered. The most outrageous, introduced by Jack Ogg of Houston, struck the entire mis-

Cont. on 21



Lee Otis in better days. Photo by Richard Pipes.

Lee Otis is Still in Jail

Lawyers for Lee Otis Johnson, serving 30 years for the alleged gift of one joint to a narc, filed suit in federal district court here last week asking that he be released from prison because his constitutional rights have been violated.

Lee Otis was convicted on Aug. 27, 1968, and that conviction was upheld by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals on Nov. 5, 1969.

The petition was filed by five Houston lawyers who were asked by the American Jewish Committee local chapter to handle the case. Named as defendants are Dr. George J. Beto, director of the Texas Department of Corrections, and L.G. Bounds, warden of the Coffield Unit, where Lee Otis is imprisoned.

The petition alleges Johnson should be released from prison on a writ of habeas corpus because he was denied a change of venue, effective assistance of counsel during his state court trial and the right to "compulsory process for obtaining witnesses material to his defenses of entrapment and conspiracy."

The suit also alleges the 30-year sentence constitutes cruel and unusual punishment for the "gift of a cigarette of marijuana."

No date has been set for the hearing before one of the two U.S. magistrates in Houston.

Texas Dope Laws: A Handshake with the Tar Baby

The following article was written by Griffin Smith, an Austin attorney who served as counsel to the Senate Committee on Constitutional Amendments during the last legislative session. The article originally appeared in the Texas Observer.

A Handshake With the Tar Baby

AUSTIN — Gov. Preston Smith, with a smile on his face, signed House Bill 1649 into law last week. His smile was carried on the ten o'clock news into the living rooms of thousands of Texas parents, who were advised by the announcer that they were watching the governor increase the penalty for possession of LSD.

The smile was also carried into the living rooms of an undetermined number of state legislators, many of whom watched with considerable astonishment, inasmuch as they had been unaware until that moment that they had ever passed such a bill.

One legislator who was quite aware of the bill was freshman Representative Tim Von Dohlen of Goliad, its author, who stood happily at the Governor's side during the ceremony. But Von Dohlen seemed blissfully unconcerned by the fact that his draftsmanship had produced a bill which would not merely raise the LSD penalty but would also:

*make any narcotics officer who confiscates any LSD liable to a term of two-to-ten years in prison;

*make it a felony for any pharmacist to possess "for sale" any pep pill or tranquilizer, regardless of a doctor's prescription;

*reduce the penalty for methamphetamine (speed); and

*legalize Spanish Fly.

At the end of the signing ceremony, Von Dohlen got the souvenir fountain pen; Smith got the credit; Concerned Parents got the message; and the State of Texas got a handshake with the Tar Baby. Few bills can match HB 1649 for bad draftsmanship, potential for legal confusion and sheer wrongheadedness.

The Bill raises the penalty for simple first-offense possession of LSD, mescaline, peyote cactus and other hallucinogenic drugs from the present misdemeanor level (up to two years in jail) to a felony carrying two-to-ten years prison terms. This is in marked contrast to the national trend, typified by the new federal Controlled Dangerous Substances Act, which sets a one-year maximum for all possession offenses. It also came as a major surprise to most legislators, few of whom were aware that the bill created a whole new set of felony crimes until it was already on the governor's desk.

Von Dohlen's bill passed both houses in a fit of absentmindedness. Bearing a misleading innocuous caption ("an Act relating to the definition of dangerous drugs ...") that nowhere mentioned the increase in penalties, it breezed through the House on the "Local and Consent" Calendar 144-0 in mid-May.

In the Senate it was referred to Don Kennard's Public Health Committee, a liberal bastion. But Sen. Charles Herring of Austin took it under his wing; at a committee meeting on May 26, it was favorably reported on his motion without a dissenting vote. Few if any other senators knew what the bill did, preoccupied as they were with redistricting and other last-minute matters. Herring did not tell them. He shepher-

ded the bill onto the inconspicuous "Local and Consent" calendar, where it passed 31-0 two days before the session ended. Any senator could have killed it by a parliamentary "tag" at that late hour. Several who felt the existing penalty was enough would have done so had they known its contents.

Not until ten days later, after a weekly Austin newspaper published a column by Herring in which he bragged of passing a bill raising LSD penalties, did other legislators know what had happened. Many were furious. Kennard and several members of the Public Health Committee were particularly chagrined, since the bill had received committee approval without any attention having been drawn to its drastic penalties.

Dr. George Beto, who in his role as the state's prison director had already protested the use of felony penalties for marijuana possessors, was reportedly appalled at the prospect of trying to fit another wave of young LSD- and peyote-possessors into his institutional routine.

H.B. 1649 is considerably more severe than the penalties contained in the proposed new Penal Code, which Herring has sponsored. His motive in steering Von Dohlen's bill through an uninformed Senate may have been influenced by the fact that one of the House co-sponsors of the hard-line bill was Rep. Don Cavness, also of Austin. Cavness has been widely rumored to have his eye on Herring's Senate seat.

Once passed, Von Dohlen's bill was subjected to the kind of detailed analysis it should have received at the beginning. What unfolded was a comedy of errors that made the bill even more

implausible than it seemed already. Among the highlights:

*Laws prohibiting possession of drugs invariably contain an exemption permitting law enforcement officers to possess the illegal substances "in the performance of their official duties." Without this exemption the police cannot confiscate the drug as evidence, since they too would be breaking the law. Von Dohlen's bill inadvertently removes this exemption in the case of hallucinogens like LSD. Consequently any narcotics officer who confiscates a youth's LSD is committing a felony punishable by two to ten years in prison. Any lab analyst who tests it is also, under Von Dohlen's bill, a felon, as is any court official who receives it into evidence. It's

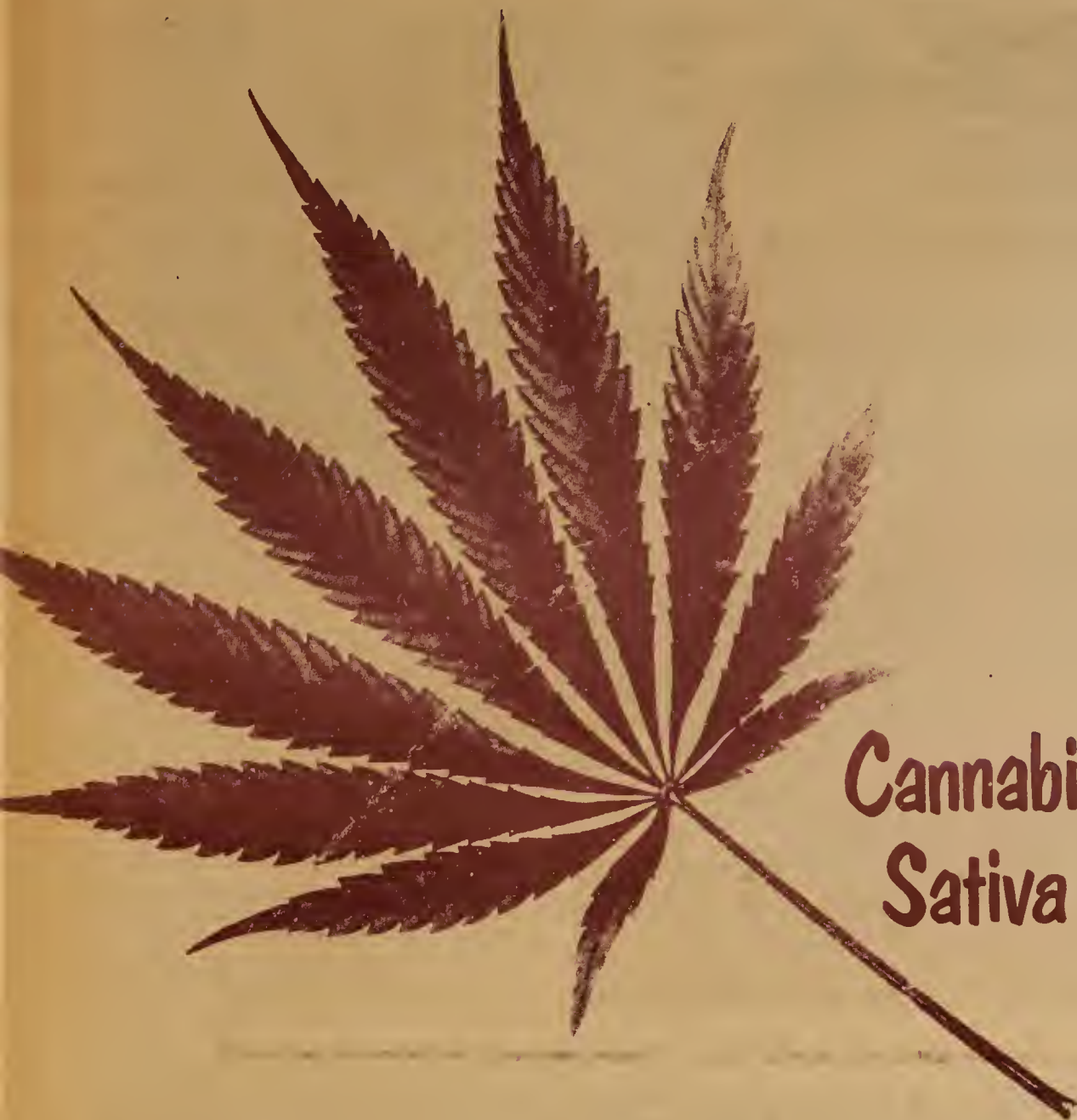
like Kurt Vonnegut's *ice-nine*: anybody who touches it is done for. It may make prosecution of LSD offenders quite difficult in Texas. Several attorneys have expressed the view that it effectively "legalizes" LSD by making confiscation impossible. At the very least, it may add an intriguing new dimension to the practice of "citizen's arrest." Under Texas law, any person who observes a felony being committed in his presence may arrest the offender and use all reasonable force necessary to bring him before a magistrate to be charged. Concretely, this means that any freak whose LSD is seized by a narcotics officer is, at that moment, observing the commission of a felony, and may use reasonable force to arrest the officer and bring him in.

*The Dangerous Drug Law, which Von Dohlen's bill amends, also applies to amphetamines, barbiturates and tranquilizers. Ordinarily, pharmacists, manufacturers and shippers are exemp-

ted from the penalties for possessing these drugs. If they have a valid doctor's prescription, the doctor's bill creates a defense called "punishable as a felony" and then fails to remove it from it. Consequently, any such drug manufacturer or pharmacist need not actually possess the drug, and a mere offense, and a mere possession of it is what is punished. It is no exaggeration to say that as soon as HB 1649 becomes law, every pharmacist who becomes liable for two to ten years in prison, is a pharmacist.

*The bill lowers the major drug: "speed" as it is called in popular opinion regardless of physical and chemical properties. For any drug used by people. Formerly, the speed is reduced to a misdemeanor under

*The old law contained several exceptions to the use of certain drugs and poultry. Each numbered exception contained the exemption elsewhere in the law. The mistake is that the Spanish Fly is not in the category of other drugs with necessary use, including made illegal. (As an A&M Large A



Cannabis Sativa

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legal drugs, and several
h an important veteri-
ing thyroid, have been
spokesman at the Tex-
animal Clinic described

thyroid as "probably the most impor-
tant drug we use over here," adding
"we couldn't possibly do without it.")

Passage of such a bill, uncontested
and unnoticed, is a severe indictment
of the legislative process in Texas.
Ideally no legislator should cast his
vote for a bill he knows nothing about.
Realistically - in a session which saw
nearly three thousand bills introduced
- members must often depend on the
candor of those who manage a particu-
lar bill. In the case of HB 1649 this
candor was lacking.

Once the bill (and its faults) were
discovered, only a gubernatorial veto
stood in the way of its becoming law.
But despite Senate protests and a Sen-
ate staff memorandum outlining the
bill's technical flaws, which was in the
hands of the governor's staff for more
than a week, Governor Smith decided
to sign it in a full-scale televised cere-
mony. His reasons for doing so remain
opaque. The Department of Public
Safety had examined the bill with
considerable misgivings, wavered and
finally recommended signature. This
and the chance to stand up in front of
the cameras as a crusader against drugs,
regardless of the absurdity or confusion
which might result, were apparently
decisive in his mind.

What does all this mean in human
terms? Although the facts are not yet
in, Texas probably will not have any
fewer drug users than states (such as
Mississippi and Nebraska) which have
pursued a more progressive drug policy.
Texas almost certainly will, however,
capture the distinction of having more
drug users in prison than any other
state. It takes a certain cast of mind
to be proud of that distinction.

-- Griffin Smith

Other Drug Legislation

Although the marijuana bill and the
LSD bill were the most notable drug
laws considered by the Legislature,
several other important drug-oriented
laws were passed and signed by the
governor. They include the following:

SB 387(by Mauzy) permits quali-
fied researchers to undertake research
into the nature and effects of mari-
juana or other illegal drugs.

SB 408 (by Schwartz) permits the
Department of Public Safety to seize
and sell any vehicle in which marijuana
or other illegal drugs are found. Nar-
cotics officers may use the profits to
buy drugs from "pushers" in order to
obtain evidence against them.

SB 841 (by Bernal) imposes a
state of \$10 on all felony convic-
tions and \$5 on all misdemeanor con-

victions. (The tax is not restricted to
drug offenses.)

SB 902 (by Herring) regulates the
wholesale drug business.

HB 139 (by Wolff) establishes a
treatment program for drug-dependent
persons, using synthetic drugs like
methadone.

HB 267 (by Clark) makes the offer
to sell a dangerous drug a felony and
makes the offer to buy a dangerous
drug a misdemeanor.

HB 268 (by Clark) makes the offer
to sell marijuana or narcotics a felony.

HB 1650 (by Von Dohlen) expands
the definition of narcotic drugs to in-
clude any substances listed now or in
the future by the U.S. Attorney Gen-
eral.

SF Dope: J-OK!

SAN FRANCISCO - Mayor Joe Alioto announced here recently that it is OK
to smoke dope in San Francisco, according to Bay Area underground paper Good
Times.

"I don't intend to use precious police power against marijuana just on the bas-
is of use and possession," Alioto testified before the Senate subcommittee on Nar-
cotics and Alcoholism.

The amazing thing about Alioto's pronouncement, says Good Times, is that it
seems to be true. Local bail bondsmen report that there have been "almost no"
busts for mary jane possession - or sales, they say - for "the last couple of mon-
ths."

The mayor sewed up the new 18-year old vote by promising that, "We don't
intend to engage in any discriminatory procedure against young people." How-
ever, the mayor said that pressure on wholesale dealers will be maintained

SABREFLAME

A SHORT NOVEL
by ROBERT FINLAY

PART FIVE SPACE CITY! SERIAL

The story thus far: Sabreflame was captured in the war zone and taken to an Enemy base. He escaped by plane and tried desperately to find his way through the Enemy homeland. After crossing paths with, among others, a desert prophet, an Indian Princess and a full-fledged tornado, he was transported with other refugees to town. After being given a meal in a soup line, he was picked up hitchhiking by a slightly demented middle-aged couple, but escaped, only to become the unwilling victim of a baptismal ceremony. After stealing some money from the church collection plate, Sabreflame returned to take his chances by the roadside.

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BIG GAME

The setting sun turned the highway purple. I stood with my thumb out, braced against the passing wind blasts of the traffic. A car with a powerful engine and high gloss paint slowed.

It carried three teen-aged boys who were very loud and sarcastic. A wine bottle went from mouth to mouth, and the talk became rougher after each revolution. They seemed to exist only in the present, their moods changing with every band in the road.

The biggest wore a shirt with tiger stripes and was very sullen. When he demanded a 'sword,' the hee-hawing driver turned down a side street. Approaching a parked car, Tiger Stripes leaned out, grabbed its aerial and twisted it off. They thought it was funny and laughed like demons.

They drank more wine and turned the radio up full volume. When a song about "a country man who fought for the land," played, they sang along, howling like cats in heat.

Cruising through a residential area, Tiger Stripes insisted that we pull over. As he relieved himself, all was quiet except for the periodic click of a cane against the sidewalk.

An old man was wobbling along a string of coachlamps. Slowly, he passed through a circle of light, a shadow, then light again.

He had on a baggy white suit, a string tie and a Panama hat. A bushy mustache grew above a mouth that smiled absentmindedly.

Click ... click ... click, his cane came closer and closer.

More than a head taller, Tiger Stripes blocked his path. "Which way to the stadium, gramps?" he asked.

The old man turned slightly and pointed a palsied finger down the street. As words came to his lips, he was stabbed with the aerial.

As Tiger Stripes jumped into the car, and we raced away, I screamed at him.

He rolled his shoulders and flexed his fist. "Looks like we got a homo instead of a hobo," he told his friends. There was insanity in his eyes, and he started hitting me. But for the cramped space, he would have beaten me to death.

The boy driving yelled for him to quit, that we were in a traffic jam, and that there might be police. He elbowed me once more, then sat up, breathing like a bull.

I lay on the seat, tasting blood. I could feel it leaking inside me, in my stomach, in my intestines, in my spleen.

There was a door handle next to my head. I clutched it, hoping that he would not see me, as another blow would have knocked me unconscious. Gathering what force was left in me, I rolled onto the street.

A chromium slash crossed just by my shoulder. Horns bellowed, and I was blinded by headlights. A glistening grill raced forward like a hungry crab, and I barely escaped being crushed.

"He's so drunk, he'll miss the Big Game!" someone in the car jeered.

I dragged myself into some bushes and lay, battered and numb, a torn scab of pain. My thoughts were distorted, warped images and cross-signals, riddled.

There is in a far land, a group of people different from all others. These people have special souls known as Sabreflames and are called after them. As, of course, Sabreflames are very rare, they have been hunted and are now extinct.

Drumbeats sailed in the breeze, but I did not move until I coughed blood. After spitting, I ran my tongue over my teeth, gladdened when each was intact. The beating had bruised me, and it was torture getting to my feet. I was in no shape to go far, but set out across a field.

At the center of the tract stood a tall tower made of scrap wood. Parked near it was the same car I had ridden in earlier. I dropped into a ditch and watched.

The three teen-aged boys were staggering around the base of the structure, yelling, "Reject me, will they?!" Tiger Stripes shouted, "I'll show 'em who can fight! I'll show 'em who can take those hills!"

He started up the woodwork and, circling as he climbed, disappeared from view like a squirrel behind a tree.

Brass and percussion instruments resounded across the green as a fantastic procession wound its way forward.

In front were acrobats leading the cheers. Shouting, they did backover flips, handstands and stood each other's shoulders.

Following them were two rows of girls in scanty costumes. In time to the music, they were cancaning, shaking their sequined hips and wriggling like eels.

The bandmembers were dressed in Nineteenth Century military uniforms and marched like a platoon of fairy soldiers.

The masses carried torches, and for half a mile there was a blanket of flame and smoke. As people passed, the flickering light perverted their faces into masks of fury.

One of the cheerleaders stared at me a moment. She had a baby face, red hair and ink blue eyes. Whirling and jumping, she began a chant.

"Kill Kill!"
Panthers, Kill!"
Kill!" Kill!"
Kill!" Kill!"

She repeated it again and again, clapping her hands to keep time, her look becoming more and more glazed.

The crowd had formed a semi-circle around the tower and did roaring hurrahs to the downbeats of the drums.

As the emotional thunder grew, I looked at the top of the wood pile. Far above, Tiger Stripes was lounging among some crates. He had his legs crossed and was smoking a cigarette.

At the climax of the kill-cheer, the baby-faced girl thrust forward her sex and strained with pleasure. An orgasmic moan filled the air, and the crowd rushed ahead, casting their torches onto the pyre.

The dry wood burst immediately into raw heat. Long tongues of flame licked up the sides of the kindling. The dragon's hot breath frightened him, and Tiger Stripes waved his arms and pleaded for help.

The people were hypnotized by the pure intensity of the fire and were as immobile before it as porcelain dolls.

Men from a red truck connected hoses and sprayed water, but the stream was like a dewdrop against

the power of the inferno.

I watched the burning for a long while, and even when I closed my eyes, a red spot remained on my retina.

RIVER CITY

At daybreak I hopped a milk tanker. After a long ride it crossed a high bridge. A dark, wide river stretched to the horizon. The city on the far side was dismal with soot, and smoke hung over it like an oppressive curtain.

Bricks and glass littered the streets, and many of the buildings were scorched and burned. Doors were ajar and show windows broken. In front of a dress shop a mannequin lay face down in the gutter, its back grotesquely crushed.

An open hydrant was gushing like a fountain, its geyser sprinkling onto a body, which had been draped over a spiked iron fence like a rag doll.

I climbed to the top of the truck as we reached the next intersection. It was blocked, and when we slowed, a mob of shrieking blacks hammered on the doors and broke the windows of the cab.

A huge woman in a red dress was leading them. "Kill him! Kill that white devil!" she screamed, as the driver was dragged to the street.

He was a big man with a thick chest and muscular arms and fought like a bear, at one point even picking up an attacker and slinging him into the crowd. He was far outnumbered, however, and when his strength waned, he was tackled from behind.

On the earth there was little he could do to defend himself. To the cawing cry of the woman in red, he was stomped, kicked, and booted, carrion to a flock of angry vultures.

The traveling Preacher I had met earlier came running down the road. He pushed his way through the crowd, insisting that they "get a hold on themselves."

A boy was kicking the driver. The Preacher told him to stop. The assailant refocused his hostility, and the holy man went down under a flurry of fists.

"Kill that light-skinned jackell!" screeched the Harpie, clapping her hands. "He's more them than us! Kill him! His kind's been keeping us down too long!"

When a siren sounded closeby, the mob broke away. They funneled down an alley, laughing and bragging.

A valve of the truck had been opened, and the two victims floated like dumplings in a sea of white. The driver's eyes hung from his head like tassels on a string. He was dead. The Preacher, though lumped and swollen, groaned with life.

After I pulled him to his feet, he took off his glasses and shook his head at the empty rims. "You best be watching out," he said. "There's some dirty mean niggers around here."

He was certain that I would be injured unless I darkened myself, so I rubbed axle grease on my face, hands, and wrists. To cover my hair, I put on the driver's stocking cap.

Stones, rocks and bits of iron covered the pavement. A car had been overturned and burned, and within its blackened skeleton were cooked bodies.

A bushy-haired man with leather clothes and sunglasses waved to us. Pointing into a furniture store, he offered us a whore.

Lying on a mattress was a naked white woman. Sperm covered her stomach and thighs, and was

matted in her pubic hairs like glue. Her face was bruised, and she was in shock.

When we refused to bargain, the Pimp offered her for nothing. He had abducted her from a park across town and was giving her to Brothers who could not pay. She had taken fifty already.

"That honky is going to respect Black manhood until the second she dies!" he said angrily.

There was a pistol in his belt, so the Preacher and I went on our way.

We came to a supermarket swarming with people. Those whose arms were not full were gathering as much as they could carry. Overloaded, they scattered boxes, bottles and fruit.

An armored car pulled into the parking lot, its steel severity striking fear into the vandals. Motion quickened as everyone raced for an exit. The weak or clumsy fell and were trampled.

The woman in red was running down an aisle. At the front of the store, she hit a plate glass window. Jagged sheets dropped, slicing into her neck and face. Cataracts of blood covered her flesh. Her momentum carried her forward, however, until blinded, she tripped.

The clanking treads of the armored car ironed her, screaming, into the asphalt. In front of the store it came to rest, its weaponry, bristling like the spines of a porcupine, lowered to point-blank range.

The scavengers had scattered. The few stragglers left were either very young or very old. The Preacher and I hid behind a meat counter, trembling.

Crouched into the shadows nearby was a sniper. He had a shaved head and eyes like clots of phlegm. His rifle made a snapping sound as he pulled the trigger.

The police opened fire, and lead hail hit the wall behind us. Chips of brick and concrete showered down. Tomato cans spun through the air, spewing red.

The sniper crawled through a doorway with the Preacher and me after him. Tear gas-canisters exploded, making a huge cloud of fog inside the store.

Old people who had fallen cried for mercy. The children were more active. They ran in panic, raking counters clean, stumbling over the cans on the floor.

A girl with kinky pigtails, hardly more than a toddler, appeared from the billows. Tears rolled down her dusky cheeks, and she sobbed and sobbed. Wiping her eyes, she was hit. A heavy round, going very fast, tore away the top of her skull. She went down next to the white doll she had been dragging.

At the edge of the river I found a rowboat and cast adrift. As the sun went down, it seemed that the whole city was ablaze.

ADRIFT

The dawn mist rose from the river, fragrant with mud and motor oil. I drifted with the flow, lulled by the smoothness of the motion.

On an island I caught some crickets and baited a fishing pole which had been left in the boat. A catfish from down deep took the hook. Skinned and skewered and turned over a fire, the meat was juicy and tender. I ate and was pleased with myself.

The river was hot on the course I had planned to follow, but the solitude and certainty of water travel appealed to me. I would row all day and camp at night.

Living became very simple. Wild vegetables supplemented the fish and frogs I caught, and, except for a few passing towboats and sternwheelers, nothing disturbed my journey.

Only a few towns lined the banks, and I avoided them. Most of the shore was a watershed, left to wilderness. At times I felt that I was the only person who knew of the river's existence, of its strength and power, of its eternity. The whirls and eddies of current carried me along, and I was glad to be heading for the sea, for home.

As I floated along, strange thoughts weaved themselves into the web of my consciousness. I talked to myself, to the spirits of the earth, wind, sun and water. Human beings became as dreams to me. The world I perceived was a world of fantasy: hieroglyphs carved by a hermit; symbols as devoid of meaning as shadows. Had not my universe been intruded upon, I would have gone insane.

Late one afternoon a fast-moving motorlaunch came at me from the shore. When it pulled alongside, two men in hunting clothes looked me over. Their eyes were malignant with suspicion, and the one in the bow drew his revolver.

He wanted to know if I had done any fishing. As the pole was in plain sight, I said that I had. He flashed a badge, then snapped his fingers for my license.

I answered that I had not known that one was necessary, but that I would be willing to purchase one. As I reached into my pocket for money, he cuffed me on the ear.

It was a stiff blow, and I reeled, a hero of hurt. Stumbling, I tore my hand in an oarlock and nearly capsized the boat.

My clumsiness caused some water to splash on the game wardens, and the one in the bow hit me with the butt of his pistol.

Dragged ashore, I saw their puffy jowls and blotched red skin, smelled their beer-stagnant breaths, and glimpsed their foul yellow teeth.

When I stirred, the pistol was waved in my face and I was ordered to walk a path. Reeds and ferns were thick along the way, and there were many bogs.

The men were joking and laughing, gloating over the punishment I was to receive, relishing it. "This boy ain't gonna be offerin' no more bribes to state officials, you reckon. Big Judge in Enola-gay is gonna fix his outside agiatin' wagon right quick. Round here we know how to handle his kind. Gonna run some prints on this boy, too. He's too smart not to be wanted all over the country."

"It's been too long since we had a decent lynching round here," the other said.

The bantered on and on, and it frightened me. If my identity was discovered, I knew it would mean torture and death. My heart stoked up as I braced for the dash. It was agony, for I knew the bullets would be faster.

Something moved on the path. Deadly as a trip wire on a booby trap was a snake. It was large and black and as big around as a tree limb. I stepped over it, but the Warden did not see it.

"Water moccasin!" he screamed and fire and smoke and lead leaped from the pistol.

Before the second shot I was into a canebrake. Dodging and weaving, I heard him bellowing with terror, much too involved in his own panic to bother with me.

(to be continued)

the

GRASS HUT

HEAD SHOP ONE

• PURPLE GRAPE PAPERS

• SPIRO AGNEW PAPERS

• WALL TAPESTRIES

• TAPES • PIPES

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FOOD

The Whole You: Zen Cookery

by Sandra Wrye

In 10 days your blood is completely renewed. What a startling thought! Since all body cells are ultimately created from the blood that now courses through your veins, you could completely change the quality of that blood in 10 days. Any person who has ever fasted for that long will tell you that it is like a thousand years and a mere moment ... many profound changes ...

If you have been eating junk, non-food and poison, a beginning is to decide that for just 10 days you will eat only natural foods ... cooked whole grains and beans, homebaked bread, sauteed vegetables and fresh fruit pies, plus all the combinations of those and the other real foods you instinctively know that you need. This of course excludes refined sugar in any form (brown, so-called "raw" which is nothing more than refined white sugar treated with molasses) and anything containing sugar. If eaten daily, sugar and sugared foods are highly poisonous, and possibly cancer-producing.

Natural food does not include synthetic vitamins or food containing them, nor does it include extracts of whole foods or any food that has been subjected to the horrors of the mass-produced food industry, i.e., food which contains any chemical preservatives, emulsifiers, synthetic hormones, coal-tar carcinogen dyes, bleaches, moisteners, thickeners, fortifiers or antibiotics (the world literally means "against life").

Those substances and many, many more are pumped into foods we all have eaten: butter, milk, non-food, breakfast cereals, margarine, beef, pork, chicken, commercial bread of any kind, ice cream, chocolate, dyed teas, coffee, cage eggs, soft drinks, candy, just to name a few. *These foods won't kill you after eating them once - it takes awhile.* You are slowly being poisoned if you partake of synthetic food every day and the results begin with fatigue, headaches (a warning of incipient cerebral hemorrhage), diarrhea, ulcers and skin diseases, progresses to the autonomic nervous system's disintegration, leading to the eventual failing of the organs themselves, to psychological diseases including schizophrenia, and ends in the final stage, spiritual disease.

This last stage afflicts those of such good physical constitution that they by-pass the first six stages. These people suffer unconsciously from their arrogance and intolerance. Despite outer success, they are without faith, hope, joy and love, and they always end in a tragic and violent death (this includes suicide).

Those of us who have come to understand how food influences our lives are most interested in preparing the most attractive, delicious, and balanced food we can.

A most beautiful and tasty dish is one from Michel Abehsera's first cookbook, *Zen Macrobiotic Cooking*, which is available at good food stores. It is full of wonderful ideas for cooking natural foods.

NOODLES A LA HUNGARIAN

3 Tablespoons oil (unrefined corn, olive or sesame are good)
3 Spanish onions, large, sliced
4-6 scallions (green onions), finely chopped
1 small head cabbage, shredded
1 package buckwheat (soba - not egg noodles), semolina or udon (whole-wheat) noodles
1 teaspoon seasalt

In a heavy pot (a cast-iron dutch oven would be fine), saute in oil the onions, then scallions and then the cabbage. Stir constantly over a medium flame until vegetables are tender. Add a dash of salt. Turn down flame, cover and let vegetables simmer in their own juices for 10 minutes or 'til lightly brown.

Uncover and raise the flame for one or two minutes so that steam evaporates. Boil noodles with salt until they are the firmness you prefer; drain. Add to vegetables, mixing thoroughly with two chopsticks. Cover and simmer for five minutes more. Shut off fire and let stand uncovered (to prevent oversoftening) until ready to serve.

Reheat, if necessary, to serve. You might add tamari soy sauce just before you simmer them for the last five minutes, or provide a small creamer of it at the table for your guests to drip on their own portions.

This dish is so simple to prepare and so delicious that you will find yourself varying it with whatever vegetables you have: squash, carrots, cauliflower, broccoli, parsley, pumpkin seeds or

nuts. But don't leave out the onions! They combine well with any vegetable and are too inexpensive and delicious to forget.

* * *

Lentils of all variety and green split peas are creatively prepared in India because they are so economical, nutritious and abundant. You will find both are quick and simple to prepare and a delight to taste. The Indians make a soup called Dhall (pronounced "doll") and reportedly eat it daily. It is made with the fascinating combination of lentils or split peas and curry spices, freshly ground. The following is an adaption of an authentic Indian dhall.

DHALL (Split Pea Soup)

1 cup onions, finely chopped
½ cup carrots, diced
1 cup green split peas
½ teaspoon seasalt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground (if possible) cumin seeds
¼ teaspoon ground coriander
a pinch of hot mustard
a few grains of cayenne pepper

Saute the onions in the oil, then the carrots and add the salt. Cook for five minutes covered. Uncover, add the split peas and one quart water. Bring to a boil, then turn the fire down to a simmer, cover and cook for one hour. Stir as necessary to prevent sticking. Add the spices and cook a few minutes more. (The soup is also good without the spice!) Serves about five, but if your family find they like it, you may have to double the recipe next time!

* * *

To accompany the dhall, make these staple bread-crackers. They, along with chapati's, are eaten daily in India.

PURI'S (Poorees)

1 cup wholewheat flour (or ½ c. whole-wheat and ½ c. unbleached white flour)
¼ teaspoon seasalt

Mix the salt into the flour well. Add just enough water to make a soft dough that you can easily knead. Work the dough until it is smooth and shiny (for about 10 minutes). Now make little balls, walnut sized, and roll them out into thin rounds on a

lightly floured board. Deep fry in 1 1/2 cups corn oil. Drain on paper towels (note, please - the others have dyes in them that comes off on the food!).

When the puri's are rolled out correctly, they will puff up like balloons! They can be poked and stuffed with rice and vegetables. The secret of making puri's is to knead them well, and roll out gently, working from the middle toward the outside. You may discover it works better to roll out and deep fry in shifts, for if you pile the uncooked puri's atop each other they sometimes stick and must be remade. Be sure the oil is hot enough or they won't cook quickly, they will just absorb the oil.

* * *

One of the finest and most refreshing desserts is a natural jello made with sea gelatin (agar-agar) called Kanten. When cooked with unpreserved, unfiltered juices or teas and cooled, it provides a sweet, delicious and quick dessert. The sea gelatin comes in bars or powdered and is available in whole food stores. It has the advantage over ordinary gelatin in that it is not made from cow's hooves!

APPLE-RAISIN KANTEN Serves 4 - 5

1 bar white (undyed) Kanten
2-3/4 cups unpasteurized, unpreserved, unfiltered apple juice
¼ cup raisins
a few grains of salt

Soak kanten in apple juice for about 15 minutes. Then in a glass or enameled pot, bring the mixture to a boil. Add a few grains of salt and the raisins. Cook for 10-15 minutes. Remove from fire and pour into a mold or a bowl that has been rinsed with cold water. Allow to become firm in the refrigerator.

Either unmold by running warm water over the bottom of the mold (holding the kanten in place with a plate) or serve from the bowl. This is such a variable dish: try strong mint tea and roasted whole almonds instead of apple juice and raisins. Use your best dessert imagination!

If any of these recipes puzzle you or if you have any questions about where to find these foods, please call me (862-3980) or come by Tao Whole Foods, 15 Waugh Drive (right off Washington).

REVIEWS

Velvet Underground

Hard rock returned to Liberty Hall last weekend (Aug. 20-21) with the Velvet Underground. They stepped from the vinyl of four albums onto the stage to lay down their brand of pure, hard rock. Playing to a packed house they brought a new dimension to the local music scene.

As you know, their sound is definitely an acquired taste. No group around plays rock quite so hard. They have never been the success their stature entitles them to, mainly due to inept handling by MGM, their first label. They lay down a brisk, gritty style of raunch uniquely their own. There is an urgency to the sound as they hit hard and insistent -- like a pile-driver. The music slashes and rips into you.

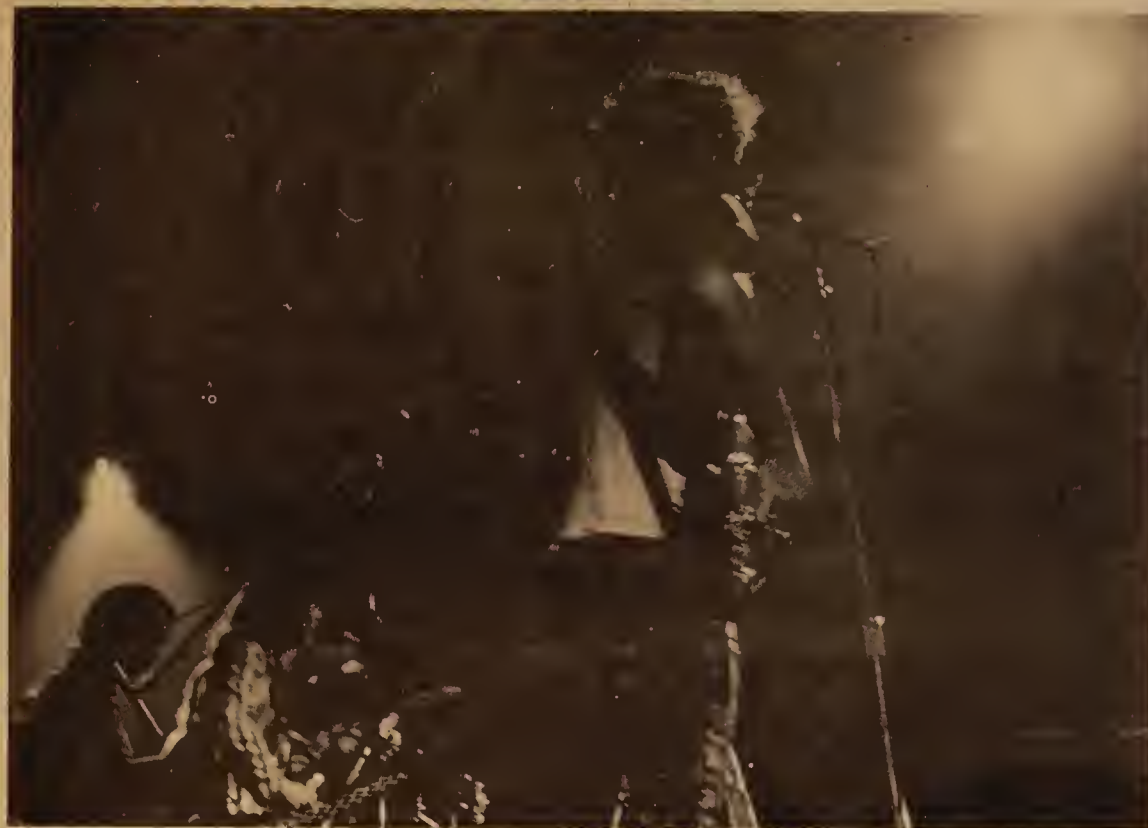
Prior to the Airplane, Cream, the Dead or Hendrix, the Velvet were performing at Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable. They pioneered the "total environment" form appearing in front and inside a mixed-media light show.

The hypnotic *Velvet Underground and Nico* was released and was completely stunning. Their initial cut "Heroin" on the album was a seven minute interlude into dope addiction. All the mystery, the evil pouring out -- a stark reminder of the uselessness of a dopehell. Three albums have followed; the last, *Loaded*, came out last winter on Atco's Cotillion label.

Lou Reed has tired and left the band to write a novel. Doug Yule now plays lead and sings. Maureen Tucker drums sparingly yet with force and inventiveness. Stirling Morrison on rhythm utilizes a stutter-step method around surging tempos which send the flow outward unevenly. Walter Powers, the bass, is able to roam a bit more freely because of the solid drumming.

They opened the first set with "Waiting for my Man," as Doug said, "We're the Velvet Underground, love it or leave it." If anybody did take off they missed a chance to drive the AM crud soft-rock insipid strains from their minds like sand before the sea.

Waiting for my man,



*26 dollars in my hand
first thing that you learn is that
you always gotta wait*

They breezed through "Cool it Down, Mean Old Man," with a staccato high hat rhythm, a surging tune with alternative blasts and caresses from the strings. "Some Kind of Love" followed, with Doug snapping on and off earth with brief buzzing breaks as their frenzy was under total control. Without Lou the group is more balanced; they work harder around their basic breathless framework.

By now the crowd was already asking for them to play "Heroin," but Doug said, "We might do 'Sister Ray' later; 'Heroin's' too much in the air these days. Ever since Methadone."

Surprisingly the -- as Marge Crumbaker says -- "mysterious" Velvets are friendly and very approachable backstage. Maureen has a 13-month old baby, Doug likes to talk about Hofheinz, the LBJ library and Preston's play in defying Nixon.

Stirling talks of pro football, the winter they spent skiing daily in Vermont and the loss of his vintage record collection.

"I had so many albums, they had to break in three separate times to steal them all."

"I really liked it at Max's. We were the backroom boys. I mean we played there and I went every night for years. I was there 10 days after he opened so we just kind of became his band."

Andy Warhol?

"We still see him often. He's very kind."

I saw you moving around on your solos.

"That's because I was staggering."

The second set opened with "White Light, White Heat." Beer and wine were now being freely dispensed. The crowd had grown and loosened up considerably. Five minutes of "White Light," then "in the same vein ..." -- "Waiting for my Man." They were really burning as the eager crowd screamed approval.

This set was much more raucous as the Velvets warmed to the task; opening up some, they presented songs from all the records. They kept the crowd with them all the way.

Sustained applause brought the encore -- "Heroin." They finished off then, saying they couldn't follow that. Only two or three groups in the world could. I pounded my pen in time with the beat so hard it broke. A landmark performance from an outstanding band.



Doug Yule. Photos by J. Lomax

Liberty Hall pulled a real coup in landing the Velvet Underground. They follow strength with strength bringing in Freddie King this weekend. Then the Flaming Groovies Sept. 3-4. John Baldry the 10th and 11th. Wishbone Ash will perform on the 8th and 9th. And then Atomic Rooster comes in the

cont. on next page



Wishbone Ash

Their Second LP

"Pilgrimage"

on Decca

Available now wherever records and tapes are sold.

Wishbone Ash plays Liberty Hall on September 8 & 9.

17th and 18th.

An outrageous lineup and one meriting full support.

-- John Lomax

Wishbone Ash

They first put it all together 18 months ago in London when Martin Turner and Steve Upton teamed up with Andy Powell and Ted Turner. The result of the pairing was Wishbone Ash who appeared last Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 18-19, at Of Our Own.

Wishbone probably has one of the most lyrical sounds of any English rock group today. They steer clear of the Led Zeppelin "heavy" sound, instead choosing to move in more controlled musical patterns.

They do not usually make you want to jump around, although there are times when they come close. Mostly they just weave intricate musical webs on the strength of Powell and Ted Turner's guitar playing. It is encouraging to see that Wishbone has discovered you do not need someone madly flailing away on a rhythm guitar to make music. Only one other English group, that I have heard, has even tried this style of two lead guitars - Trapeze. But Trapeze is not sure of their footing and more often than not opt out for loud wailing noise.

Wishbone also tries to boogie but they tend to complicate things with little off beat riffs that originate in their classical background. American groups, being less inclined toward sophistication, accent an eighth note on the beat and shy away from any off tempo variations.

Some of Wishbone's most pleasant offerings at Of Our Own were "Vas Dis" by English jazzman Jack McDuff plus "Jailbait" and "Blind Eye."

"Vas Dis" is a whimsical jazz piece that finds bass player Martin Turner vocally matching notes with guitarist Ted Turner. It is an interesting number that seems to call for more skill than such people as Robert Plant of Led Zeppelin and Ian Gillian of Deep Purple exhibit, both of whom occasionally match their vocals against guitar riffs.

"Jail Bait" and "Blind Eye" are easy, straight forward melodies that feature the singing of Ted Turner,



Photo by Jerry Sebesta.

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac, a rock musical that met great success off-Broadway in New York, opens this week at the Fondren Street Theatre, Fondren at Daffodil. This is the second production of the Fondren Street Theatre and co-producer/actor Phil Osterman hopes that it will go a long way to help establish the kind of theatre that speaks to the needs of the community as well as entertains. "I hope I never have to do anything safe again," Osterman told me after a Friday night preview performance. He doesn't want to do shows like *Mame* or *Promises, Promises* but would rather try to develop new forms and try out new tricks.

In building his company Osterman emphasizes that he isn't interested in actors' ego trips or what a person has done before. "I've got a bunch of freaks who love theatre and are willing to work at it," he says, and from the looks of things they are working very hard. You might be under the impression that this is a strictly commercial venture, but it really isn't. The Fondren Street Theatre is trying to put together an important theatre in Houston. Osterman and his partner run a couple of socially with-it flower shops that cater to the River Oaks and Memorial crowds. They could put their hands on a lot of money for the right commercial venture, but they'd rather do the kind of theatre that says something first and is commercial second.

This is a young theatre that could really become something great. They are going to make mistakes and, at times, they will have to fight for their very existence. So once again it's the old story of you pays your money, you takes your chances. You might see a real bomb or you might see something fantastic, but one thing is certain. You won't see *Barefoot in the Park*. Take the gamble.

-- Trey Wilson

whose voice is soft and husky yet full of a clear baritone edge to it.

Navasota, who opened the show both nights, is a local group which can be the kiss of death in Houston. But Navasota just might overcome it. Not since Dennis Keller of Fever Tree has Houston had a gravel throated singer of any worth, but Navasota's Dick Sony just might fill the bill. The only thing he needs to work on is learning when to soften the gravel and when to blast it out.

When Navasota worked Wednesday and Thursday the audience seemed glued to the floor and it is rather difficult to work up a lot of feeling in a small club when everyone is sitting on their ass looking up at you with a blank face. However, Navasota seemed to disregard this behavior fairly well and continued to play some good lively music. They used a Black Sabbath number at the beginning of the show plus a little blues but they never got back into it again so it is hard to tell just how well they could perform this type of material.

In one of their first original songs, "Hoodoo Man," they started out nice but degenerated into a lot of noise, stealing a page from Stone Axe's book with overwhelming use of an Echo-plex echo chamber. On top of that the break sounded like the Door's "Love Her Madly."

Later in the show they layed out three good rockers of their own which, although they owe their style to Creedence, sounded rather good. It is just possible that when Navasota matures and finds its mind the group could go places.

-- John Carroll

Oldies Revived

Monsters, Jerry Lee Lewis (Sun 124)
Jeannie C. Riley's Greatest Hits (Plantation 13)
Jewels, various artists (SSS 24)

A diligent collector can scrounge up the original Sun pressings of Jerry Lee Lewis' hits, but nine of 11 songs on *Monsters* were never released in any form. Moreover, these songs are taken from his peak period, or just after it - and they've got all the bone-tingling excitement for which Jerry is renowned.

Monsters, *Jeannie C. Riley's Greatest Hits*, and *Jewels* - all just released - represent the best of what the growing Shelby Singleton Corporation has to offer. The Lewis package is the 24

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th in the series of reissues from the Sun vaults, whose purchase heralded Singleton's entry into the rock field.

No real rock & roll fan should be without those classic early sides by Lewis, Cash, Perkins, Rich, etc. The importance of keeping this material in print is inestimable.

What makes *Monsters* the most exciting album in the series is the real meat on side two (side one carries "Don't be Cruel," "Your Cheating Heart," "Pink Pedal Pushers." But the flip side has his four-song rock & roll set which stands up with the very finest of Lewis' work.

Beginning with a restrained but tension-filled "Be Bop A Lula," it moves on through a raving "Jailhouse Rock," a fabulous version of "Drinking Wine Sop-Dee-O-Dee," (astute Lewis fans will recall it as the first song he ever sang in public at age nine) and a knock-out rendition of Joe Turner's "Honey Hush." The side closes with "Singing the Blues," Guy Mitchell's old hit. A fine end to a marvelous record. Don't pass it up.

Plantation Records is Shelby's country line. Previous albums on the label have included *The Battle Hymn of Lt. Calley*, but that was a transitory item and in terms of a solid roster, Jeannie C. Riley is the best Plantation has. As much as we punched "Harper Valley P.T.A." off the radio a few years ago, Riley is one of the best contemporary country singers.

She's no Dolly, but her voice has that distinctive nasal twang, and her songs the endearingly corny lyrics that spell success in the country field. For the most part, the songs are concerned with small-town love, romance with truck drivin' men and the eternal fundamentalist verities of which country fans never tire.

The songs are well performed, easy to listen to and even easier to drink to. "The Back Side of Dallas," about a farm girl stood up by the man who said he'd meet her there, is especially memorable with fine guitar work. But the highlight of the album, aside from the two hits "Harper Valley P.T.A." and "The Girl Most Likely," is "The Generation Gap." It sports a strong rock & roll arrangement - guaranteed to leave you shouting "right on!"

Singleton has been least successful at recording pop acts. Some of the worst pretentious psychedelic rock groups in the last decade have put out



Freddie King & Led Zepelin

Electric blues come crashing down on Houston music heads this week, with a heavy lineup of concerts. Freddie King brings his own band from his joint tour with Leon Russell to Liberty Hall this Friday and Saturday, for some fine pickin'. Freddie was one of the highlight attractions at the Hall's Blues Revue of some months ago, and this show promises to be even better. Freddie King may well be the best blues guitarist alive today.

English blues group Led Zeppelin comes in for a Wednesday night performance in the Coliseum for Concerts West of Dallas. Although their popularity among the teeny-bopper Grand Funk crowd has led some to disdain the group, I personally feel they are one of the most exciting groups to emerge from the last decade. Come to the Coliseum on Wednesday night if you care to see what I mean.

albums on SSS labels. Their best so far is the Gentrys, which isn't saying much. But "Jewels" is something else. I usually steer clear of oldies collections especially the ones where you get 24 songs with the instrumental breaks spliced out, but occasionally you find a well-selected package that's just perfect for putting on in the afternoon and bopping around the house.

The obligatory Sun hits are here: "Whole Lotta Shakin'," "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Raunchy." But what elevates this album to schlock greatness is the presence of hits from many other labels (don't ask me how) and even a few non-hits that fit in well. A half hour or more you can count on to tickle your earbuds and jive you through the day. An outsize album.

-- Greg Shaw/AFS

Waiting For Godot

by John Carroll

Jim Danko, Michael Sirois, Willie Dirden, Larry James and Stuart Papa-vassiliou sit on the tiny Autry House stage applying their make-up. Gradually they finish and leave one by one. Then Danko comes back out, sweeps the stage, the curtains close, the house lights go down, the curtain opens and "Waiting for Godot" starts.

It is a logical addendum to "Godot," as is Director Roger Glade's decision to costume the actors as clowns. Earlier in the week Glade had said the clown idea was a gimmick, but the gimmick works. It is so simple and congruous that it is surprising Beckett did not do the same when the play was first written.

In "Godot," Beckett seems to have cont. on next page

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grasped the central thesis from which Einstein's theory of special relativity was derived: time does not run at the same pace for every observer. For Estragon time does not run at all. He cannot remember from day to day what he did yesterday and with no reference to the past you have no concept of having gone forward. Vladimir measures time by waiting for Godot and since Godot will always come tomorrow Vladimir has forever.

Estragon sees time and the future as a black pit, endless in its ability to bore. Vladimir sees time and the future full only of endless possibilities; somewhere out there Godot waits and if they can just pass the time quickly surely he will come tomorrow. It is a pitiful situation and its obvious sense of despair is heightened by the clown attire. Clowns are travesties anyway and as it becomes increasingly apparent that Godot is not coming the allegorical significance of the clowns in portraying man's hopeless situation on

The cast Director Glade has assembled for "Godot" is impressive. They move with ready assurance and transmit an excitement that makes "Godot" work as theater. Jim Danko as Estragon has a fine sense of his character, creating a befuddled Estragon that serves to highlight Michael Sirois' performance as Vladimir, the intellectual optimist. The two, Danko and Sirois, play off each other with grace and skill. Willie Dirden is powerful and frantic in his characterization of Pozzo and Larry James as the empty shell of a professor, Lucky, has an exceedingly fine grasp of the character which is demonstrated when asked to think by his master Pozzo. James shouts the empty intellectual phrases with a stumbling yet seemingly erudite skill.

Although the statement of "Godot" that man is poorly favored in his battle with time and the search for a better tomorrow, is well worn, the Playwright's Showcase production is interesting and agreeable.



Moo!

It's that time again. Kids, young and old alike, are being herded by the thousands in cattle-like fashion to the many varied educational institutions around town and elsewhere. Yep, it's BACK TO SCHOOL time again, and the folks here at Space City! are gonna be flippin' an extra-thick BACK TO SCHOOL issue your way next Tuesday. This should be the biggest, thickest, fattest newspaper we have produced, and although quality and quantity aren't equitable, there should be something here to interest Dad, Mom, and the kids alike. On sale August 31.

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MARY JANE

cont. from 11

demeanor section. Ogg's amendment provided that a defendant could, after a felony trial, ask the court to reduce his sentence to a maximum two-year misdemeanor. The court could not grant the request unless the defendant was able to prove, among other things: 1) that he was under 21, 2) that he possessed less than two lids, 3) that he did so "for the purpose of experimentation" and 4) that he had never used marijuana at any time before his arrest. Even if these things were proved, the court could still disregard them if it so desired.

An Austin attorney, Griffin Smith, writing for the Texas Observer, described the three-ring circus of the Legislature during the debate for H.B. 549 with the hysterical attitudes of the legislators:

The hysteria blooming into comedy after a while, until one recalled that hundreds of young Texans who might have had a fair shot at a productive life were sitting in prison for an act that carried nothing more than a 1-year jail term in any neighboring state, nor indeed, in any state within 500 miles. And that hundreds more were on their way, despite the prison director's protests that they were not like the hardened criminals, that they didn't belong in his prisons, that sending them there just made matters worse.

Told that the Texas marijuana law should be changed because it is notoriously unjust, their response was simply, "No, it shouldn't because marijuana is against the law."

To most House members, the drug problem conjures up images straight out of 1949 movies. Their world is populated with sinister men in black raincoats who slink around "hooking" good kids on reefer. ("The lowest form of human life," intoned Rep. Joe Salem gravely, "are those who would sell marijuana. They are the Cosa Nos-

tra. They are the Mafia.") Children buy a clumsily rolled cigarette on the playground during recess to "experiment." No one uses marijuana but "experimenters" and hippies, most of whom are political radicals anyway.

Wholly ignored is the fact - for it is a fact - that marijuana is about as common as bourbon in any college dormitory. Wholly ignored is the fact that marijuana usage has become, wisely or unwisely, a socially-acceptable activity to many business and professional people under the age of 30. Everything must be made to fit the image. As Representative Farenthold said exasperatedly, "They keep talking about experimentation, when it's really a life style."

Middle class white kids rarely go to jail for first time possession in Houston. One per cent go to jail and only five per cent go to trial. The usual sentence is four to five years probation. The expense is great. There is a \$5,000 to \$10,000 bond to stay out of jail (with \$500 - \$1,000 going to the bondsman). The going rate for a lawyer is \$2,500.

The authorities have the power and the jurisdiction to do whatever they like to anyone caught with marijuana. The laws are not enforced fully or fairly. Political activists, freaks whose lifestyles violate the sensibilities of the traditionally-minded conservative Texans, kids too reckless, unlucky or stupid to avoid getting caught and poor blacks and browns bear the brunt of the arrests.

District Attorneys throughout Texas use the marijuana laws for imprisoning people they consider to be dangerous whether whatever makes them "dangerous" is against the law or not.

South Texas and Dallas are known for harsh penalties where the color of skin, political differences and lifestyles have resulted in severe sentences for first offenders. A few years ago a poor chicano man in the Valley was given 99 years for possession of a pound.

Law 'n order forces have been fre-

quently prosecuting activists under the marijuana statutes. Some of the past arrests include:

*The most notable and outrageous is that of black activist Lee Otis Johnson of Houston. Johnson, a SNCC organizer, was arrested for possession and giving away a single joint. He was acquitted of possession and given 30 years for the passing of the joint. District Attorney Carol Vance prosecuted the case himself, after having left virtually all other cases to his 50 or so assistants. He asked for 20 years and the jury gave him 30.

*PFC Bruce Peterson, then editor of the Fatigue Press, underground paper at Fort Hood in Killeen, was found guilty of two counts of possession of marijuana by a general court-martial Nov. 5, 1969. He was sentenced to eight years hard labor and given a dishonorable discharge.

Peterson previously served nine months in Leavenworth prison on a marijuana conviction. He had been involved in anti-military actions at Fort Hood and frequented the Oleo Strut, a Killeen GI coffeehouse.

Peterson was arrested along with four other persons by the Killeen police on Aug. 23, 1969, for possession. A small sack of alleged grass was found in a borrowed car that he was driving. Later the charges were dropped for all but Peterson.

On Sept. 7, Killeen police arrested Peterson again on suspicion of possession. They didn't find anything on him, but they took a sample of lint from his pocket, sent it away to be analyzed, and reported that it contained traces of marijuana. The combined total of grass from both arrests was not enough to roll a joint with, so the police didn't have a case against him. (Under the De Minibus precedent, a person must have enough dope on him to get high on in order to be convicted in a civilian court.) The Killeen police turned their evidence over to the army brass, and Peterson was court-martialed.

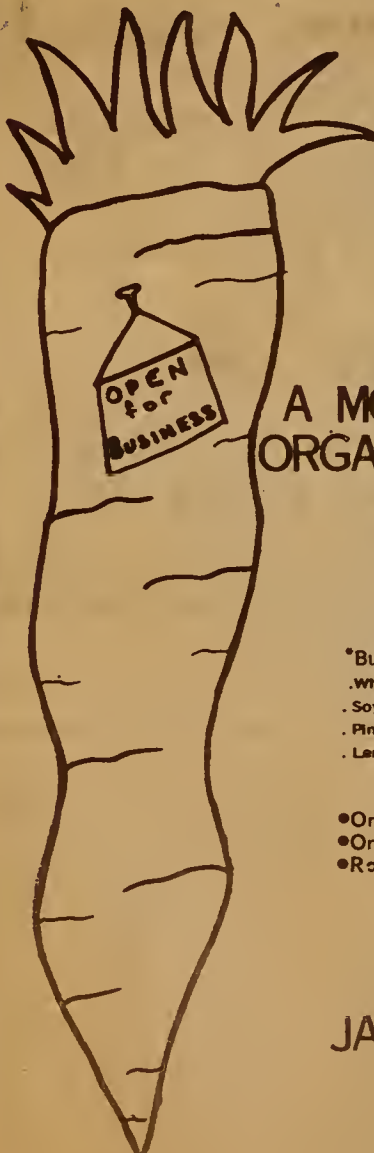
During the court-martial the prosecution didn't produce any grass as evidence. A witness from Waco testified that he had analyzed the evidence and that, yes indeed, it was the killer weed. But, he added, the amount had been so small that it was destroyed during analysis.

*Joshua Gould, Oleo Strut proprietor, was arrested for possession. The police had only a few seeds and grains which they alleged to have found in his car. The case was dismissed.

*In late June, 1970, four blacks from the University of California at Santa Barbara were charged with possession while traveling through Dallas and were presented to the town as captured black militants. The jury took less than 15 minutes to convict them. Two received probated sentences and two were sent to prison for two years. Not long after they were sentenced, the judge, Judge Gossett, was quoted by the Dallas Morning News as saying, "We had pretty good reason to believe that they were members of the Black Panther organization, dedicated to the overthrow of the government by revolution, but we couldn't prove that."

The judge's son was arrested that same year for possession. According to Dave Beckwith, a former Houston newsman, his trial was mysteriously bustled out of Dallas to Monteg, where Louis Holland, a close personal friend of Gossett's, is the presiding judge. The boy got two years probation.

The judge's son's sentence of two years probation is the customary penalty for nonpolitical whites who fail to have the charges dropped or the case indefinitely continued. In Texas, except in cases where the defendant is thought to be an important pusher, someone who is sent to jail for possession or sale of a small amount of grass is more than likely black or chicano, and someone who is sent to jail for a long time is likely to be the kind of man the district attorneys consider dangerous.



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Dick Freeze Cont. from 10

during the 90-day freeze. The accompanying implication that the administration thought it could force the unions to comply if they didn't do so voluntarily did little but enrage union leaders. Only one major union, the Teamsters, has pledged to comply with the government's request. Others, including the United Auto Workers, the Longshoremen and the AFL-CIO have all stated that they will continue strikes in progress and start new ones when appropriate. (Some local AFL-CIO unions, such as the rubber workers here in Houston, have complied with the no-strike request in spite of the stance of the national leadership.) At no time in recent history have relations between government and labor been so strained.

In terms of historic importance, the president's measures dealing with international economy probably rate even higher than his domestic measures. In his Aug. 15 message Nixon announced that the United States would no longer keep its pledge to redeem foreign-held dollars in gold and also that all imports into this country would hereafter have an added 10% surcharge tax. The removal of the dollar from the gold standard has put the currency situation of the entire non-communist world in flux. Since the Bretton Woods agreement in 1944, the United States has maintained the equivalency of \$1 to 1/35 ounce of gold. This has made the dollar the peg upon which the currencies of the capitalist world hung. International transactions were measured in terms of dollars because the U.S. pledge to redeem dollars in gold made dollars stable relative to all other currencies.

Now the value of other currencies will float relative to the dollar depending on market determinations. This will in effect result in other currencies rising in value relative to the dollar (which is over-valued). This amounts to devaluation of the dollar, which is precisely Nixon's intention. Devaluation of the dollar will make American exports cheaper in foreign markets and, conversely, foreign imports more expensive in America. It will increase U.S. sales to the rest of the world and limit foreign sales in this country.

Of course, this will happen only if other countries allow their currencies to float freely on the market, and thus rise in value compared to the dollar. Some European countries are already doing this — chiefly Germany, whose mark has been floating on the market for several months anyway. Others, notably France, have balked at being so accommodated to the United States. Nixon's policy, however, was aimed more at Japan than any other country. And Japan has so far refused to allow the yen to change in value. Since most businesses think that the pressure of the U.S. move will force Japan to allow the yen to rise in relative value, they have been cashing in large numbers of dollars (which would decrease in value during devaluation) for yen (which would rise). But the Bank of Japan has maintained the old exchange rate rather than allowing the yen to rise in value in the face of increased demand.

Japan does not want revaluation for reasons already mentioned: if Japan's currency rises in value, its exports become more expensive here, and ours cheaper there. Japan is one of the major exporting countries in the world, and it presently sells a full one-third of its exports right here in the U.S.A. — as every owner of a Toyota, Honda, Yashica or Sony can easily appreciate. Though the United States sells a lot in Japan, we have suffered a trade deficit; Japan sold more to us than we did to them. The United States hopes a cheaper dollar will reverse this deficit. (This competition with Japan pre-dates World War I.) Japan is resisting, though most think it will have to revalue the yen. Until that time, Nixon has still narrowed the American market to foreign goods with the across-the-board 10% surcharge on imports.

Now the U.S. concern with valuation stems from general problem of trade balances generally. Not only was American industry having problems with Japan, it was beginning to suffer a trade deficit with the whole rest of the world; generally, this country was buying more from other countries than it sold to them. This unique situation had not occurred for many decades. And it pointed to the faltering of what historian William A. Williams called "open door imperialism."

Since the end of the 19th century, American leaders have realized that the nation's industry had to have markets for surplus goods and capital because the domestic market could not absorb it all, and the nation had no way to make it do so due to the lack of a planning facility. In competing with already established imperial powers, America espoused the principle of the "open door" (for all countries' goods and capital). American leaders theorized that growing American economic power would then allow this country to stake out large areas for its own informal empire. And so it has. The United States continues to fight increasingly difficult small wars to maintain this empire. This in itself represents a failure of strategy since the open door plan was designed to avoid the need to fight for empire. Even worse, there appears little point in fighting the wars if the imperial nation is suffering the same poor trading balance which the empire

itself was supposed to remedy. (Of course, one of the reasons for the trade imbalance is the outflow of resources necessary to pursue the war.) In other words, America has found itself killing its sons in order to defend a money-losing business.

So Nixon's abrogation of the gold standard for the dollar represents his attempt to put the empire back in the red, to reduce the growing trade imbalance. The plan will probably have a short term beneficial effect. Coupled with a systematized wage and price control, it could give the government better control over the economy and help avoid future difficulties. Corporate leaders have welcomed Nixon's move, and there is little reason to believe that wage-price controls won't come, if not now, at least in a few years. And as long as the federal government continues to fulfill its functions as the coordinating committee for corporate interests, business can only gain from the service. It already demands it more and more — as in the case of Lockheed Corporation. Recent history demonstrates that, capitalist or communist, modern economies demand a good deal of planning and management. And corporate interests would be the last to want to lose their profits and powers through bad management.

From the broader viewpoint, however, the early appearance of trade difficulties and intractable wars seems to confirm the trend toward a faster pace of historical events. And this steadily quickening current may sweep the U.S.A. on and off the stage of imperial history more swiftly than any of its predecessors.



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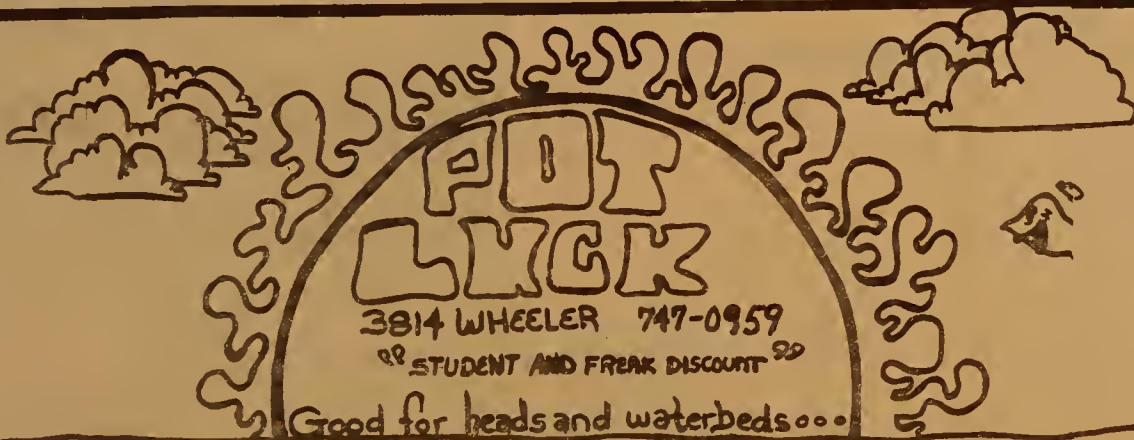
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MARY JANE

cont. from 21

The Gallup poll has estimated that over 200,000 college students in Texas blow grass. My estimates would run much higher. But taking the Gallup estimate full and fair enforcement of the present marijuana laws would send over 200,000 of us to the prison in Huntsville, thus making it the largest university in the world. Then add the number of non college student dopers and the numbers are in the hundreds of thousands.

An interim Committee to Revise the Drug Laws was formed during the last legislative session. Senator Don Kennard sponsored the resolution. Austin attorney Griffin Smith feels that if the committee is funded it appears to offer "the best chance of carrying out a comprehensive, rational reorganization of the drug laws."

Any proposals the Kennard committee makes would, however, be subject to approval by the next Legislature. The Legislature has been known in the past to ignore the outcry for fair and just laws and to go along with lobbyists. It behooves lawyers to keep the marijuana laws as they are; more money in the corporate coffers. David Berg, Houston lawyer who has successfully handled at least 40 drug cases, believes that one reason the law making grass a felony is not changed is that "for lawyers it is the single most lucrative crime." Berg told me of one lawyer who participated in a committee to study and revise the drugs laws and then proceeded to vote against reform.

So if you are going to remain in Texas and continue to smoke dope, I suggest a little paranoia is often very healthy.

HELP WANTED: Students and freaks. Apply pot luck. 3814 Wheeler St., 747-0959.

ROOMMATE NEEDED to share rent, \$67.50 month. Female, 3420 Mt. Vernon, No. 5 evenings.

BE SURE to read "Equinox," the official publication of the Aquarian Meditation Society. Available where you get Space City.

WANTED: Friendly home for 4 month old male Siamese Kitten. Call 522-3404 or come by, after 4.

STEREO LP's Most played only once. \$1.50 each (Lennon, McCartney, King Crimson, etc.) 522-4207, weekdays, 6-7 pm.

DESPERATE NEED for place to rent, stay or share. Woman and two sons. Will share housework, cooking, etc. Prefer Denver Harbor area, if possible. Call 675-2066.

FOR SALE: '66 VW Van \$1200, overhauled, new carpet. Call 524-2123; after 5 call 695-7858

NEEDED: Male roommate, UH student. 5 miles from campus, large 1 bedroom apt. Call 641-1264.

LOOKING FOR good cheap Eng. racer (10 speed). If you want to sell one or have info, call Libby at 695-7858 after 6.

WANTED: Person to paint name on stern of my boat. Call Bob after 5. 473-7705.

WANTED: car FM radio to fit 65 Corvair. Call days. HO 5-6300, Kathy.

SOCIETY OF THE OTHER HALF: Use your own phone and make money as a telephone solicitor. Or sell door to door. Good commission. See us at 3305 Yupon No. 51 Houston. 9 am to 1 pm. Weekdays, all day weekends.

I NEED A RIDE to Austin Labor Day Weekend. Will help with gas. Call Linda. 667-5406, after 6 pm.

YOUNG GERMAN like to have a nice roommate (male). We will look for an apartment together. Please drop me a line. Hans, 3307 Hollister, Houston, 77005.

SPACE CITY! (that's us) is perennially in need of all kinds of goodies, some of which you might have and not need, or be able to get and give to us because you have a good heart or something up your sleeve. Stuff like typewriters, office supplies, an air conditioner, furniture, money. CALL 526-6257 or drop by at 1217 Wichita.

FOUR FREAKY KITTENS desperately need equally freaky home. 2 dudes, 2 chicks. They're spacey Gemini/ cusp Taurus, part Persian vegetarians. See em at 3274 Branard No. 7 or call Katie 222-8639. 9:30 am to 3 pm.

FREE KITTENS: 1310 E. Alabama. 522-0968.

APHRA, the feminist literary magazine, seventh issue: Free Women, Passion, Pain, Progress. Fiction-poetry-drawings-sculpture-articles. Hellbrun on Millet: Harold on Ellman/Beauvoir. Whole Issue still available. \$1 per copy, 4 issue subscription for \$3.50. Write to APHRA, Box 273 Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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ART

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

(1001 Blissonnet)
Thru Aug 29 — BIRDS & BLOSSOMS — Masterson Jr. Gallery; Giacometti Graphics, S. Garden Gallery.
Thru Sept 1 — Christo, pop artist — Jones Galleries

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE — Photos of 19th century buildings in Galveston taken by photos Henri Cartier-Bresson & Ezra Stoller — Masterson Jr. Gallery.
Opening Aug 29 — Annual faculty exhibition — School Galleries

School of Art — all sorts of classes. Fall term Aug 31—Sept 11. Special high school student workshop Aug 27, 6—8 pm. Includes meal & guided tour of new school facilities. Info, 526-1361.

INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS

Thru Aug — FOR CHILDREN at Rice campus gallery of Univ & Stockton.

ART LEAGUE (1953 Montrose) — Invitational exhibit by new members.

MATRIX GALLERY (2412 Dowling) — Black artists at Operation Breadbasket hdqtrs.

FLEA MARKET ART FEST (Milam & Franklin) — Sun, noon to 6 pm. Local artists.

DIMENSION HOUSTON VI — Judge for the Art League's sixth annual will be Dr. Donald Welsmann of the Univ. of Tex. Paintings (limit of 2) are due Sept 8-10. The show will hang Oct 4-24. Pick up entry blanks at 1953 Montrose.

HILL COUNTRY Arts Foundation — Art workshops with Michael Frary and Gibbs Milliken, but UT art instructors, set for Aug 19-30. Tuition \$25 for one week, \$50 for two.

ADEPT — Third show, WHITE MAN'S ACRES, opens Sept 1. Exhibit by black artists focusing on cultural peculiarities of white Western man.

DELUXE — DELUXE SHOW in old movie theater, sponsored by deMenils. 40 paintings, sculptures & watercolors. Peter Bradley from Peris Galleries in New York is visiting curator. Mickey Leland is coordinator. 3303 Lyons Ave.

ARTIST OUTLET Community Gallery — works by local black artists. 2603 Blodgett.

A BLACK EXPERIENCE — "an art show with meaning and inspiration," presented by the Organization of Black Artists. Meet the artists Fri, Aug 27, 8-10 pm. Show also open Aug 28, 6-9 pm & Aug 29, 10 am - 2 pm. St. Lukes Episcopal Church, 3530 Wheeler.

THEATRE

PLAYWRIGHTS SHOWCASE

WAITING FOR GODOT — Roger Glade directs the Samuel Beckett play. Fri & Sat thru Sept 9 pm. Autry House (6265 S. Main). 524-3168.

FONDREN ST. THEATER

(Fondren at Daffodil)
AESOP'S FABLES — Fantasy to kids & adults, with rock music. Sun, Aug 21-22. 783-9930.

LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC — Former off-broadway hit opens Aug 25. Consists of two related one act plays plus rock music and light show. Produced by Phil Oesterman, directed by Bob Glenn. Public preview start Aug 25. Nightly except Mondays. 8 pm. 783-9930.

SWEET CHARITY — University of Houston production of Neil Simon's play at Attic Theater. Previews Tues thru Sat, Aug 24-28. 8:30 pm. 748-6600, ex 608.

IN THE WORKS

ALLEY THEATER — The Alley has announced its first two plays of the upcoming season. Tennessee Williams' CAMINO REAL will open Oct. 21, followed by a French farce by George Feydeau, A FLEA IN HER EAR, opening Dec 2. More info later.

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER — The Center Repertory Theater will open its season in September with Emanuel Robles' MONTSEIRAT ("The Hostages"), adapted by Lillian Hellman, a drama about Venequala during the Spanish occupation. Other plays to be presented will include Maxwell Anderson's and Kurt Weill's LOST IN THE STARS' Dostoyevsky's BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, Spolom Aleichem's THE GRAND PRIZE, and Paddy Chayefsky's GIDEON.

SPACE-IN

TV

Tues, Aug 24 —

9:00 pm — CBS NEWS SPECIAL, Ch 11
10:30 pm — ROAD TO MOROCCO, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour. Ch 11

Wed, Aug 25 —

7:30 pm — BOBOQUIVARI, this week's performance is 30 minutes by KRIS KRISTOFFERSON. Ch 8
10:30 pm — TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, Ch 11

Thur, Aug 26 —

7:30 pm — FIVE TOMORROWS, a new play by Kurt Vonnegut, is on NET Playhouse, with commentary by Vonnegut himself! Ch 8
10:30 pm — THE HANGING TREE, Gary Cooper, Maria Schell. Ch 11

Fri, Aug 27 —

6:30 pm — THE GREAT BARRIER REEF, the great coral formation off the Australian coast is dying. Watch it. Ch 2
9:00 pm — LEAVING HOME BLUES, NBC documents the migration of rural Southerners to the Big City. Ch 2
10:30 pm — TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH, Greg Peck. Ch 11
12:20 am — PLANET OF BLOOD, B. Rathbone. Ch 13

Sat, Aug 28 —

11:30 am — NIGHT CALLER FROM OUTER SPACE, Ch 13
1:00 pm — ABBOT & COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY, Ch 11
11:15 pm — PORGY & BESS, Ch 11
12:36 am — TIME TRAVELERS, Ch 13
2:10 am — MR. SARDONICUS, with the Incredible Oscar Homolka. Ch 11

Sun, Aug 29 —

9:00 pm — FANFARE, "San Francisco Rock: Go Ride the Music," the umpteenth repeat of a fine show, with Jeff Airplane and Q.M. Service. Ch 8

Mon, Aug 30 —

6:30 pm — BILLY GRAHAM'S N. CALIFORNIA CRUSADE. If religion is the opiate of the masses, then Reverend Billy is pure uncured heroin. Ch 13
8:00 pm — BLACK JOURNAL looks at the Soledad Brothers, Angela Davis, and others in a study of the inequities of America's judicial and penal systems. Ch 8

Tues, Aug 31 —

6:30 pm — SPEAKING FREELY, with Dorothy Height, president of the Nat. Council of Negro Women. Ch 8
9:00 pm — CBS NEWS SPECIAL, Ch 11

Wed, Sept 1 —

7:00 pm — BILLY GRAHAM Middle America's blue-eyed son speaks to His own. Ch 13

Thur, Sept 2 —

7:30 pm — BILLY GRAHAM'S TEEVEE CRUSADES. Thrill as thousands are saved from understanding and rational thought. Weep as they hobble down the aisle to pick up their free literature. Yawn as the choir swings into the 72nd verse of "Lamb of God" Ch 13
8:00 pm — AN AMERICAN DREAM, Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh. Ch 11
1:05 am — SCREAM OF FEAR (just what you need at 1:05 am) Ch 11

RADIO

PACIFICA KPFT—FM 90.1

Mon thru Fri — WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARISE, you have nothing to lose but your minds. Sweet Gavan from Duffy, aries with the sun, 6-9 am.

Mon thru Fri — GREAT AMERICAN MIDWESTERN TOUR. Left Handed Louie from Alaska twits your mind, 1:30-4:30 pm.

Mon thru Fri — LIFE ON EARTH—Ol' Gar's back to join lovable Mitch in directing the news team thru the evening report. 6-7:15 pm.

Mon thru Fri — LIFERAFT, Jeff Shero vibrates, vacillates, pontificates and joins with the usual gang of weirdos to help folks make it thru another nlte. 10 pm-6 am.

Wed — CITY COUNCIL. Live from City Hall, 10 am.

Fri — MAGGIE'S FARM. Subterranean information & eclectic inspiration with Nancy Simpson. 7:15 pm.

KAUM—FM 96.5

Sun — CHICANOS AND CHICANAS with Elma Berrera, 8 pm.
Sun — BLACK INSIGHT with Thomas Wright, 8:30 pm.

Daily — Good community-minded news and views thruout the day.

KLOL—FM 101

Daily — Consistently good sounds, light on news.
Sun — Bill Naruni does his thing from noon til 6 pm.

MOVIES

ALLEY THEATER FILM SERIES

At the Alley, 615 Texas Ave. This is the last week of what has been a very fine series, featuring three movies which have set trends in film-mongering. Tickets, as always, \$1.75 (\$1.50 to regular season subscribers).

Aug 24-25 — 8:30 pm — THE LAST LAUGH made in Germany in 1924, this film "changed the face of American cinematic techniques."

Aug 26 — 8:30 pm — FRANKENSTEIN, the 1931 version with, yes, Boris Karloff
Aug 27 — 7:30 & 9:30 pm — FRANKENSTEIN

Aug 28 — 7:30 & 9:30 pm — FOOTLIGHT PARADE, Busby Berkeley's prototypical musical comedy stars Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, James Cagney, Guy Kibbee, and Frank McHugh.

Aug 29 — 8:30 pm — FOOTLIGHT PARADE
DO IT AGAIN NEXT SUMMER ALLEY!

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER

(5601 S. Braeswood)
All screenings at 8:00 pm in the Kaplan Theater of the JCC. Tickets are \$1.75 (\$1.25 to JCC members).

Aug 24 — THE ALAMO, John Wayne

Aug 25 — PAL JOEY

Aug 29 — FAILSAFE

Aug 31 — FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE, Clint Eastwood II

Sept 1 — FINIAN'S RAINBOW

NATURAL SCIENCE FILM SERIES

The Houston Chronicle (fondly known as the straight press) is presenting what looks to be a good natural science series. Two showings (10:30 am & 1:30 pm) each Saturday in September, at the Natural Science Museum in Hermann Park. Tickets (50¢) may be purchased from the Chronicle.

SEPT 4 — JACQUES COUSTEAU'S oceanographic extravaganza THE SILENT WORLD

SEPT 11 — SCOTT'S LAST JOURNEY, concerning Captain Scott's fatal attempt to reach the South Pole in 1910-1912.

SEPT 18 — THE KON-TIKI, Thor Heyerdahl's famous voyage across the Pacific on a raft

SEPT 25 — WORLD WITHOUT SUN, in which Jacques Cousteau and his daredevil oceanographers stay submerged for a month.

There are an amazing number of very good movies at commercial houses these days. Hope this is the beginning of a trend. NOTE: Be sure to check out the special \$1 rate offered by a number of theaters for the first show on weekdays.

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE: Insects do their thing with expert photographers looking on. A real trip. (See reviews this issue) Cinemas.

DOC: Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp, and Katy Elder in Tombstone. Stars Stacy Keach and Faye Dunaway. (See review) Loew's State, Memorial, Sharpstown drive-in.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES: Homosexuality in prison. Gaylynn.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE: Still quite possibly the best movie in town. Tower.

WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN AND... etc.: Dustin Hoffman as a pop songwriter with a few problems. Galleria Cinema.

THE LAST RUN: Stars George C. Scott (the greatest American actor of our time, if you didn't know) as a driver for the Italian mob. Neighborhoods and drive-ins.

SUMMER OF '42: Some memories. Village.

ON ANY SUNDAY: Lyrical cycle flick (whatever that means). Alabama.

FRIENDS: This one's about a couple of lovely kids who shack up out in the French countryside, and has a soundtrack by Elton John. Sounds interesting, but early reports say no, it's not very. Bellaire.

SOUL TO SOUL: Ike & Tina Turner, Santana, Roberta Flack, Wilson Pickett, et. al., on a concert tour in Ghana (that's in East Africa, honkie). Opens Aug. 18 at the Metropolitan and King Center drive-in.

MUSIC

COLISEUM

LED ZEPPLIN — some heavy rock Wed, Aug 25, 8 pm.
JAMES BROWN — with his all-star revue. Sun, Aug 22, 8:45 pm. Presale — \$4, \$5 at door.

HOFHEINZ PAVILLION

RICHELIE HAVENS — presented by U of H Program Council. Sat, Sept 4, 8 pm. \$3-4-5.

ISAAC HAYES — Fri, Sept 10, 8:30 pm. \$5-6-7. 228-0006

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR — directed by Steve Adams. At Slocum Aud, Aug 27-28. 8 pm. Tickets \$1.

FONDREN ST THEATER (Fondren at Daffodil)

CEREBRUM — each Mon from 8 pm til midnight. TSU TORNADOS and BRD-KEN ARROW on Aug 23. Lights by Wizard plus oldie-but-goodie flicks, \$1.50.

FAITH METHODIST CHURCH

(708 College Ave.)
PROPHETS OF NOW — religious folk-rock with group from Ft. Worth. Sat, Aug 21, 8 pm, at Faith Meth gym. 75 cents.

INS & OUTS

NON-VIOLENCE WORKSHOP

A weekend workshop in non-violence has been set up by the Peace Committee of the First Unitarian Church beginning at 7:30 pm Fri, Aug 27 and running through Sunday afternoon. The session will be guided by Carl Zellow of the Chicago Fellowship of Reconciliation. Through group discussion, personal interchange, meditation, communally prepared meals, it is hoped that participants will increase their understanding of non-violence. Registration fee: \$10 regular/\$5 student/scholarships available, in memory of Robert A. Childers. Call the Peace Center (227-4700 for more details.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

A planning session, to launch a new org called (probably) Texas Women's Abortion Coalition, will be held Aug 28 at the Univ of Houston's University Center, Sonora-San Jacinto Room at 12 noon. Women only. Call 528-2748 for more information.

The National Organization for Women (NOW) meets the first Wednesday of every month at 7:30 pm at the Clayton Library Guest House (5300 Caroline). For more info, call 748-5369.

GAY LIBERATION

Gay Liberation meets every Tues at 8 pm in the University Center of the University of Houston. Women's Caucus of GL meets every Wed at 8 pm in the Palo Duro room of the UC at U of H.

GL conducts a consciousness-raising session every Thurs at 8 pm in the UC at U of H.

FREE SCHOOLS

There are three free schools in Houston this fall which need students. Elementary students call 521-9456 or 528-6002. High school students call 774-0360.

UNIVERSITY OF THOUGHT

The U of Thought needs volunteers, teachers, and workers for the gala FALL SEMESTER starting Sept. 27. To volunteer or get more info call 526-5547 or come by 3505 Main.

FREE FAIR

There will be a Free Fair at the University of Houston Sept. 10. If you have ideas or can offer help, call Deborah, 621-6996 or Bob, 748-0490.

Dennis and Judy Fitzgerald
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